

THE
CONSPIRACY

A

TRAGEDY,
AS IT VVAS INTENDED,
for the Nuptialls, of the Lord
Charles Herbert, and the
Lady Villers.

Written by
M^r. HENRY KILLIGRAEVV.

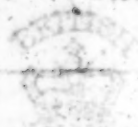


LONDON.
Printed by IOHN NORTON, for ANDREW
CROOKE, 1638.

THE
CONSPIRACY

TRAGEDY
AS IT WAS INTENDED

For the *Portraits of the*
Charles, Hubert, and the
Lady Mary



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The Introduction.

Enter Diana, and Nymphs.

Dia. **S**omeback againe, this way my selfe will take,
And as you goe, call those chaster wood-men
To your aide, who often helpe us in the chace,
Mingle with every step a call, and if
An eccho but resound her name, utter't
Againe, untill y'are confirm'd.

Exeunt two of the Nymphes.

I've lost a *Nymph* in whom I gloried more
Then all those prouder Trophies to my name,
She excell'd in Fame, in Birth, in Beauty,
And being Patronesse of her, well I might
Be cal'd the goddesse of Strict Chastity.
She was her selfe a guard unto her selfe,
Her Beauty so commanding good, did keepe
Her chastity; and her chastity, made
Her beauty safe, lust might sooner gaze to
Virtue in her eyes, then spie one of its
Knowne Deformities. ———

Enter Juno.

And much I feare, some Satyre, or worse power
Hath betray'd her innocent Stepps, and now
Detaines her, adoring yet what he meanes
To spoile, or *Jove* againe in some various
Shape of Love, wrongs both his Deity, and me——

Juno. And why bright *Phæbe*, may not a more
Equall Love. *Endimion, Hippolitus,*

The Introduction:

Or a fairer youth perswade her not from
Her chastity, but you? —

Diana. Juno on the earth?

Juno. But this thoughts too likely, and to common
To be entertained: you thinke if ought be
Lost, it must be lost a farre, passe *Hymen's*
Temple that borders on your groves, and search
The Caves. Nay beleeeve heaven's a neerer
Enemy, if *Jove* doe court her tis in
The shape of *Ganimede*, for such was hee
That led her from your traine. But turne and prove
How much y'are lost in feares, not she in love.
See in this glorious perspective, where sits
Your so deplored Nymph, and the lovely Satyr
That insnar'd her. Can you 'gainst his nobler
Brest bend a dart? or wish it thither?
See where *Cupid* stands, and laughs ready
In his iust offence, if you shoote, to shoote
Another. Tempt him not at so great ods,
Oft times such beauty hath inflam'd the gods.

It seemes you little deale in marriages,
That could be so ignorant of this day,
Then which, none was ever more expected,
More proclaim'd. This was no midnight bargaine,
Nor stolne match: but like unto the lovers,
Knowne and eminent. First, by their Parents
Thought on and concluded. who were not sad
Judges, but Prophets of their after loves,
Then deferr'd till *Minerva* had enrich'd
The one, and your purer Lawes the other.
And last of all, when in this high manner,
Fame with her lowdest blast had askt the bonds,
And none was found so boldly bad, nor proudly
Envious to intrude, joynd they were by the
Sacred hand of Majesty.
Why droopes *Diana*?

Diana. Thus daily to behold the noblest of my traine
Snatcht from me, and *Hymens* torch out-shine the

Virgin

The Introduction.

Virgin Taper.

Juno. This day your power is not diminish'd, her Name, and not her Chastity is lost; shee's Onely chaing'd from a pure virgin, to as Pure a Bride.

Diana. And yet it joyes me to see My feares thus ended.

Juno. Expreſſe it in wellcome of this Royall Payre, who this have caus'd it; grace them with your Best indeavours, and what the others want Of Honour, they daily can beſlow. Let us joyne, and performe ſomething, that may bee worthy of their preſence, who of our ready Servants ſhall wee grace with this imployment?

Enter Tragedia.

Trage. Me, great goddeſſe.

Juno. *Tragedia*? the enemy of things Faire and prosperous; what hath thee to doe With loves, or marriages, unleſſe't be to Confound 'um? who ſo oft before the Altar (Happie with the Flowers and Virgins hands That deckt it) hath offer'd up the Lovers, A ſad ſacrifice. Delighting ſtill, ere *Phabus* could withdraw, to haſten a night Of ſorrow ore the day. From theſe ſolemnities be farre away, Thou, thy Buſkins, Crowne, and Robe, filling the Sceane with tumults, and with blood. Thy milder Siſter, gentle *Comedy*, farre fitter For theſe ſports. wee'l entertaine; who can preſent Soft, and ſweet loves, Examples of this night, Beginning ſowre, but ending with delight.

Trage. How much Divineſt *Juno* ſpeakes below Her ſelfe, in preferring what ſhe muſt ſcorne To name. Can ſhee deſire to doe ſomething In honour of this aſſembly? ſomething, As when the gods are pleaſd, and wiſh to ſee it

The Introduction.

In so low a Straine ? entertaine Princes ?
And in Comedies poore vaine ? would she have
An Epithalamion in these Lovers praise.
And heare it chanted in rude roundelays ?
As all prophane. Let these be farre away
Unworthy in this night to beate a part,
What a mockery would such be of their
Noble Love, to have its pure flame smothered
By so grosse a fire ? their brave actions
Parralel'd with such country Jiggs, of *Cupid*,
Ridiculously immitating with
Their long passions ? No, if *Juno* do
Desire to crowne these houres above the rest,
And make 'em welcome, yet before the best
These doe enjoy, through peace, and innocence
Let her performe something that's god-like, they
Which are happy need noe shewes of mirth. Their
State is Comedy enough, sportes doe not fit
This night but glory. If it be heroicke,
Then 'tis opposite, which makes me offer
Thus my service, as most due to me, to
Shew the will, that speakes the language of the
Gods, and as I am thus taxt with blood, and
Crewelty, 'tis not my lines that wounds them
But their faults represent.
And though they are with vice, and fate opprest
Yet those which see a Tragedy, are blest.

Juno. Thou hast prevail'd, make this night such as thou hast
spoke, or if thy thoughts are higher, equall them.

For know the gods o're-see

* *These houres solemnitie.*

Tragedia, If *Juno* smile, heere I shall favour finde
These like the gods accept the will, and minde.

Exeunt Juno, Diana, Nymphes.

The



The Prologue.

Tragedia. Blest Theatre : how faire, and glorious shine
Hath fill'd thy severall spaces ! how divine,
And heavenly Lustre ! all the lights above,
Leaving their mansions where they nightly move
To shade, and darknesse. Have in this one Sphere
Combinde their aspects, and consented here.
Never was Roofe (as at these Nuptiall ties)
Fill'd with so bright auspicious Deities,
Such glad presages ; all they once did meane
By Hymens, Cupids, all their Geniall scene
Of loves, and laughters, that were wont to appeare
To make an union fortunate, are heere ;
All in this presence ; from yon Royall Throne
They fly throughout this Round, on every one
That heere beholds, with hovering winges they light,
And breed in all a cheerefull appetite
To what we shall present, which if you daigne
Still to send forth (great Princes) and maintaine
'Twill make ev'n Tragedy her selfe to smile,
Ev'n me grow jocound, and forget the while
My dreadfull person to prevaricate
From what I am, and change my sadder cryes
To Peans, and to Epithalamies.
It will from those two lovers by its sway
Ravish their plighted hearts another way,
From them to their great guests, when they shall see
The powers, that formerly vouchsaf't to tie
Their lasting knot againe with the same grace
With which they once encourag'd their embrace,
To smile upon their service, 'twill bring on
In their deere Breasts a Rare contention
Of zeale to your delight — Such grace commands,
A strife of duty though from joyned hands.

FINIS.

وَالْحَمْدُ لِلّٰهِ الَّذِي هَدَانَا لِهٰذَا وَمَا كُنَّا لَكَ شَاكِرِيْنَ

FINIS.



THE CONSPIRACIE.

Actus I. Scena I.

Enter two servants preparing for a Banquet.

I. **S**O, dispatch, dispatch, what wines are those?
2 The late present from the Merchants.
I Tis well.

Enter Polyander.

Pol. Are all things ready fellowes? the
King's on entring. 1 They are my Lord.

*Enter King, Polyander, Menetius, Comastes, Aratus,
Phronimus, Eurylochus attendants.*

King. Ha, ha, ha, no happinesse like the Fooles, Comastes?

Com. No, none Sir, hee's mirth it selfe, and the cause of it
in others; they say, all pleasure is a shadow, then that which
wee enjoy is but the shadow of a shadow, hardly the Picture
of what he imbraces; our Delights are faint, thwarted by the
Conscience, started with feares, and after an hower of pleasure
a weeke of repentance; in which time wee live by rule, and
not by custome, laugh not though the jest bee good, nor rage
though at a just cause; but sickly whisper out our sayings, as
though they were our last, and eat our chickens with the
curtaines drawne, when the Foole lusts with his whole soule
too, and sinnes till hee's weary, knowes no Conscience but his
want that way; nor remorse but disability.

The Conspiracie.

King. Hah, ha, ha.

Com. Nature never shewed her liberality more than to those she was sparing of her best gifts to, shee houses wisdom in a body full of decayes, and requires her whole strength to beare off the ruine, measures his legges with the spiders, gives him pale and wan lookes, scarce altered from the earth hee was made of, where to the Ideot she bestowes a body equall with the bulke of trees, and armes as Thunder-prooffe, makes him a strong, a large, and healthy foole.

King. Ha, ha, ha.

Ara. Fit Lectures for such a Sholler.

King. Well *Comastes*, thou shalt not want for a coate, if that will doe't.

Com. Send me a minde to with it, and you have not a greater present for your neighbour Princes.

King. Come my Lords, let's sit and fill up our cups,
Make them like our joyes, still full, and flowing,
Thus it should be my Lords in a State that
Knowes no troubles, let unhappy Princes,
Whom losses doe afflict, and feares affright,
Make yearely feasts: But wee, whose even affaires
Doe follow one another, and doe keepe
There just Periods, though the reines are loose
And their guide sleepe, seeming rather, so to
Have fallen out, than so caus'd; each day shall
Bee a triumph, each houre a feast.

Ara. Wee may chance to finde one out for Funeralls.

King. A health to all, and a long peace.

Com. You are mellancholly *Aratus*. *claps him somewhat*

Ara. You are rude *Comastes*, and let me tell you— *rudely.*

Pol. His Lordship is one of those which say their Prayers backward for the State, and ends in black wishes.

Ara. You are the Foxes that thrive by it.

Phro. *Aratus* your anger is unseasonable, and the King marks it.

King. How now *Aratus*, what's the matter? our table should know no frownes, then least of all when we our selfe forbears them.

Ara. Royall Sir I aske your pardon, hee wakt mee something rudely, and got a froward answer.

King. What, all dead, fill another round, our wine moves not,
here

The Conspiracy.

here *Polyander*, to thee, what thinkst thou of *Comastes* happines?

Pol. I thinke Sir, 'tis as dull as foolish, there cannot bee a sence of pleasure, where there is so little sence. Greatnesse is the center of all happinesse, and felicity like our lands, at first is tyed to the Crowne, kings come nere unto the gods, and are like them both in power and pleasure, doe command all, enjoy all, are miserable onely in too much, and want but what to wish for, this is the dazeling happinesse. Tis vaine therefore to preferre private joyes before the Crowne-pleasures, the King may throw by his greatnesse when he please, and be poorely happy, the beggar will nere sigh unto a Scepter.

King. Why I *Polyander* ther's some life in this, a little heaven even in the apprehension. *Aratus* art not thou of this opinion?

Ara. Not I Sir, nor of my Lord the Foole's there, Kings are more miserable than they seeme Happy, flattered by themselves and others Into a Ioy that is not, and what they Feele, they rather doe beleeeve, than finde so. Yet I grant too, a King may be happy But never as a King. Felicity Is a purchase, and no inheritance, Nor hath the prerogative more than one Life in't neither, it dies still with the buyer, Troubles are the good kings profession, In the warres the first dart is throwne at him, Where his happinesse is in a glorious death, Or else his God-like rayes pluckt from him By some accursed hand, and so falls lesse Happie, being but wished so by a poore Revenge hee knowes not. *Com.* Very grave and unseasonable, thus your Lordship gets the reputation of singularity, which the vulgar suspect to be wisdom.

Ara. Sir, you see how this place and my freenes are injurd.

King. Mirth, onely mirth *Aratus*, he meanes 'twould better become a counsaile than a banquet.

Enter Timeus.

King. *Timeus* welcome, nay, keepe your seates, would thou hadst beene partaker of our sports. *Time.* When that my actions or mine age shall make mee worthy of your ease

and pleasures, I shall be a thankfull sharer, but till then, your troubles will become me better than your sports, and cares will sit more lovely on my brow than roses. Sir, those that are about you seeke to drowne your virtues.

Ara. Your Lordship meanes none here?

Time. I name none here my Lord.

King. Nay *Timous* thou nere lookst friendly on our pleasures

Time. I must confesse Sir, I had rather see you bloody than thus wet, nor are my wishes impious: *Polyander?*

Pol. My Lord:

Time. How basely that smile becomes thee: I had Rather thou hadst answered me with a blow,

Than such a looke: I thought to have ask'd thee

Something, but I see thou art unworthy

Of a brave demand. Thy skill lies onely

In the curiosity of a meale,

To say at the first touch a th tongue, this is

A Chian, this a Falernian wine.

Streight by the colour of the flesh to know

Whether the fowle were cram'd, or whether fed:

Prithee *Polyander* how sat the wind

When this Bore was slaine? were not these apples

Pull'd the Moone increasing? Degenerate,

I have scene thee put thy face into a frowne,

And wer't so constant in that looke, as if

Thou hadst no other.

Pol. Sir, when you shall finde or make a cause, He put them on againe, here they le but sowe the entertainment.

Com. You see, my Lord, they are not drownd, they live still under water.

Time. Like thine bealt.

King. Prithee *Timous* let us enjoy our mirth while the gods give it, the time will come that we shall wish for it, and not have it; on my Conscience thou wishest for enemies that thou mightst cut them off.

Tim. I am sorry I have offended against your mirth, t was not my intent, I came to bring you newes.

King. Newes, what is't good?

Tim. Tis as you shall esteeme on't, Sir, There's a Stranger Prince

Prince arriv'd.

King Hither?

Tim. Yes Sir, his visits forc't by a storme as he pretends.

King. What ere the occasion bee, hee shall bee welcome.
The time's farre spent. *Aratus* it shall be thy imployment, from
us fairely salute the Prince, and tell him though the Seas have
been unfriendly, the land shall court him.

Ara. Great sir you highly honor me.

Exeunt King, Timens, Pol Com. Men attendantes.

Phro. So, now we have time to speake, what thinkst thou
Aratus of these passages?

Ara. Well, bravely well.

Euril. Your speech strooke desperatly at the King, hee will
not swallow it without some touch of Icalousie.

Ara. 'Tis no matter, hee cannot crosse us now,
None but the Gods can do't, nor they without
a miracle, great as was their providence
Which hitherto hath sav'd us, we have not
Ta'ne so many yeares to build a worke up
And then to have it ruind with a push:
No, he that will shak't, must first overthrow
A Kingdom, a Prince, a Law, so large
The extents are, nere did plot thrive like it:
It has infected with the holy sore
The greatest part o'th Realme, and catches daily
Like some unheard of new opinions
Streightned at first, and prisoned in the breasts
Of two or three, gaines strength by time, and cares,
And dayly fed by curiosity,
Thrusts out at last the old and most receiv'd,
And growes the whole religion of the place.
When we have call'd our party forth, the worke
Will seeme done, the thinn numbers which are left
Not deserving the name of enemies.
The Tyrant then will see himsele no more
A King, onely the wretched cause of warre
His power being ravish'd from him.

Phro. While the fruit thus ripe, why doe we let it grow?

Eur. And spoile perhaps.

Ara.

The Conspiracy.

Ara. We will not longer, onely a little ceremony detaines us, to crowne our King, that past, our actions, and our thoughts shall then contend in motion.

Euri. How sped your visit to the young Prince?

Ara. Most happily,
Oh had you seene with me there the deare cause
Of this our danger, you would have thought it
So no more, but stood contemning life,
Thinking your blood ill stord within your veines,
When that his service call'd it. Sure twas some such
Shape and sweetnesse, which first slav'd men
And gain'd a Rule before there was a kingdome.

Eura. You forgot your message to the Prince.

Ara. O tis true, our next part is to delight our selves in doing something, pray beare me company, we may get thanks for it another day.

Exeunt.

Enter Harpastes.

Har. Devill, whether wilt thou hurle mee? the ship
Sunke under so much ill, nor can the earth
Beare us both together, the greatest hills
Presse not her face with halfe that load; one thought
Of goodnesse made me lighter than the waves
And at an instant taught me how to swim.

Enter Metampus to him.

Mel. Harpastes?

Har. Metampus?

Mel. Are wee onely scap'd?

Har. I hope so.

Mel. Then the storme has plaid the hangman, and sav'd us innocent.

Har. Innocent? what's that? it has sav'd us so much labor and a broken head perhaps.

Mel. The wracke was great and full of horror.

Har. How the rogues praid, and rored above the waves, vowed whole heards of offerings for their safetic. But Neptune sav'd em charges and tooke the verger beasts.

Mel. Wee scapt miraculously.

Har. I hope youle burne no bulloeks to the Sea.

Mel. No, my vowes were of another nature, I vowd

to

The Conspiracy.

To live well, and chang'd my bloody purpose.

Har. Thou didst not meane in earnest?

Mell. I did then, but I no sooner toucht the shore and safety but my old thoughts returnd.

Har. Come weele goe claime our hire, and sweare wee kild him before the storme, our fellowes dead pay will fall to us, weele demand for losses, I, and our dangers too.

Mel. If mine eyes deceive mee not, here comes one will deny the payment.

Har. Tis he, be resolute and follow me.

Enter Pallantus to them.

Pall. How now friends, amaz'd at what's past: dangers oreblowne are dreames, no more to bee esteem'd of, within this houre you would have given a world to stand thus, were it yours, let not smaller losses then afflict you, the greatest goods are trifles after such deliverance, our birth day was not halfe to us so happie as is this minute, then wee had no sense of life, now we perceive and ioy in't.

They assault him and he kills them.

Pall. What mov'd these villaines hatred? sure they know me not, nor did I ere see them before this voyage, they could not hope for money, there's more in't, heres a paper which may chance to tell me something, by this I see they are murderers, what's here, a beard and haire? blacke patches, sure tis their trade they are so furnish'd, both of the same profession.

He searches the.

A Letter.

I am glad to heare you have found *Pallantus*, receive this man the bearer into your company and counsell, and if your secret practises faile you, assault him openly, and by violence performe the murther: let the one or other bee done speedily, my employments here for you, are many and instant.

Your Lord and friend, *Timens.*

Art thou the Lord? my wonder then is done,

Thy treacheries is greater than thy hate,

And that too is something more than malice

Above the search of innocence, a knot

Unto the subtilst Traytors, a riddle

To

The Conspiracie.

To thy selfe ; were not thy home villanies
Enough, but thou must maintaine thy Factors
Out for lives in forraigne Kingdomes ? bloody
Marchant. I have laine hid so long, am now
So new form'd by time, no friend can know me.
Hate, thine eyes are more perceiving farre than
Friendship ; I have not dar'd to name my selfe,
Because with it I doe name my Father,
And yet thou hast it perfect ; him with
Many more, who were too good to looke on
So much ill, as thine and thy fathers lives,
Were made away — ease ; my brest, or too much
Rage, instead of a Revenger, will turne me
A stocke, a foole ; Heare me you banisht gods,
For I may justly feare, if that your Powers
Are absent any where, 'tis from this place
Where tyranny doth raigne ; on this Altar
I doe vow to be your Martyr, if not
Your surviving instrument, nere to let
Fall your vengeance, till it light on those which
Slew the King, your King, the image of your
Goodnesse, which killd the Prince, and dar'd to say
That he was lost, lost indeed ; which on the
Princesse doe intend a rape, their marriage is,
No better, which kill'd my father, and last
Resolv'd on me :

Had I a thousand lives I'de gage them here
And thinke your Indgement yet not bought too deare.

Enter Arasus, Phronimus, Eurilochus and others to him.

Ara. In the name of wonder what art thou ?

Pall. Why ? what am I Sir ?

Ara. Nay, I know not, nor does any but an Antiquary or a
Conjurer, certainly thou art no man, or if beest, I am sure, none
of the last Edition.

Pall. Were your troope absent I'de make you finde, I were
without those helpes, 'twas so long since you saw a man, a true
one, that you know not when you meet one, your Lordships
glasse shewd you none this morning.

Eur. Whence cam'st thou ?

Ara.

The Conspiracy.

Ara. I, that i'de faine know, heeres no hole open
In the earth.

Pall. From Sea.

Ara. From the bottome of it I thinke, theres nothing like
thee above water.

Phro. Of what profession art thou, a Souldier?

Pall. Yes.

Ara. Thou shouldst be hang'd for thy very lookes, if thou
wert not, they are excusable in no calling else.

Pall. These are some insolent scoffers which breath their wits
on all they see, weaker then themselves against they meete the
foole next, I wrong my selfe to talke with 'em.

Eur. Dost heare?

Pall. None of your wit yet.

Eur. Thou bleedest!

Pall. Was it that made me such a wonder? I doe so.

Phro. And much blood is spilt upon the ground knowst
thou the cause?

Pall. Yes, I was assaulted by two ranke rascalls which I let
blood and cured?

Phro. Hast thou not killd, and rob'd 'em?

Pall. Sr, your thoughts are base, and you doe ill thus to
insult upon mine innocence. Robd 'em? monyes more be-
low my thoughts then Earth, my education hath beene
noble, and though the Mid-wife lapt me not in Purple, nor
Prinees goisipt at my birth, I have dard to bee as honest
as the richest, my word hath commanded more then all
your Land or mony. Those deeds which I have donne,
dishonestly dard not to have lookt on, they would have
frighted your Lordship if but told you towards bedd
time.

Phro. I never saw such feircenesse.

Ara. I begin to admire this fellow.

Eur. Where hast thou bestowed 'em?

Pall. Behind there, if you search 'em you may finde more, if
they had any mony the Sea washt them cleane on't before
their deaths.

Eur. Why, were they cast away?

Pall. Yes, but it seemes they had a land-fate.

The Conspiracie.

They
search
them.

Ara. Whats here ; a roges Limbs , Beards : their two heads a peece.

Phro. Her's a Paper confirms them most notorious Villaines.

Eur. Sure I have seene some faces like them.

Phro. They were proper men.

Ara. They were so, didst kill them both alone,

Pall. I could you once too. I am not proud on't, to boast it ore againe, and tell you how I did it.

Ara. Trust me, thou art a brave fellow , and I admire thy stoutnesse, thou look'st as if thou hadst beene nurst in perills : darst thou withstand a bould one ; but as honest as tis great ? what sayst thou, canst thou like of us ?

Phro. Thou shalt not finde us as we appeared at first.

Pall. While you talke thus I can, and in your busines if honesty goe yoakt with danger : it cannot fright me then though it have more terror then Seamen faigne at their returne, or Cowards feares suggest, horred even unto a ly. I dare face it, and wager a life i'll conquer it.

Ara. Thy words goe high as Thunder.

Pall. Pardon my words if my actions prove as fatall.

Ara. I beleeeve thee, and dare promise thou wilt doe wonders, let me imbrace thee, thou art welcome to our friendship ; mine eyes did looke on thee unworthyly before , methinks thait comely now, thy scarrs are so many graces, not set by an effiminate but by a manly and warlike Skill Busines calls us hence , thou shalt not part one minute from me, thy wound needs helpe, Come, thou shalt heale before me. *Exeunt. Om.*

Enter Clearchus, Haimantus.
Clear. Have you commanded all the Marriners aboard each Captaine to his charge ; bid the Souldiers fill the decks with their full numbers , and display their collours. Let nothing wanting that may add to the glory of the Navy.

Hai. S^r there is not, all things are in their pride and height, the Captaines seeme to lend brightnes to the day, and like the Sunne throws raies , and light about them ; nor looks their gold lesse awfull then the Souldiers Steele , on the Ships appeare the joy and riches of a conquest, and yet keepes the strictnesse of a joyning battell, there want's nothing to make a war-like

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like, princely and well commanded, Navy but your presence, Sr.

Clea. I would not have them thinke us such poore men that we are drove to seeke for their reliefe, to live for bread, and water, but rather that wee come like Noble wooers, full of rewards and presents able to returne all favours wee receive, and equally to honor them which honor us. As great as they, It shall appeare hee that is master of such a Fleete, may stile himselfe King, though Lord of nothing else.

Hai. The people flocke upon the shore, and with one voyce say you come to fetch their Princeesse, you have more then their contents already, you have their wishes too.

Clea. I marry *Haimantus*, such a Jewell would Make the rest looke dimme, there are two Ladies in this Ile, if fame say true, the wonders of this World.

When nature made 'em shee summond her whole God-head, and unwearied wrought till shee Had don, form'd each limbe as if she had begun there, Shee seem'd to practise on the World till now, and what like beautifull she Fram'd before, were but degrees to this height, These the assent from which she now must fall They made her older then the labour of A thousand yeares.

Enter a Messenger.
What's the matter?

Hai. There's a great Traine, it seems from Court comming to your grace.

Clea. How nigh are they?

Mess. They are on entring my Lord.

Clea. Weele meete 'em.

Enter Aratus Phronimus, Eurylochus, Pallantus, and attendants to them.

Ara. Sr. the King congratulates your safety and is glad of your arrivall, though the cause were dangerous, you would have oblig'd him much, Sr. if you had beene bound for Creta.

Clea. The King is royall and chides me kindly, he binds a stranger ever to his Service.

Ara. His Majesty expects youle honor him with your
C 3 presence

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presence this night at Court.

Clea. I shall wait upon him, but my Lord I must first desire, youle honour mee with your company a Ship-board, I shall not need to excuse a Souldiers entertainment, I doubt not but your Lordship knowes it well, plainnesse is halfe the praise on't.

Arat. Sir, you are the envie of our neighbour Princes, you so farre exceed them in a brave comand. I nere was happie in the like sight before, and my Lord, they that can boast the strangest, have not scene one so common and so rare; your Navie lookes as if shee wore the spoiles of a whole Land, or came to buy them.

Clea. My Lord, youle make me proud, your presence yet will adde unto its glory. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Timens and Coracinus.

Tim. Found dead upon the Shore?

Cora. I my Lord, throwne into a cliffe by certaine Fishermen.

Tim. Were they drown'd?

Cora. No my Lord, there were many wounds found upon their bodies, and yet their clothes were wet.

Tim. Tis strange, were there but two?

Cora. No my Lord.

Tim. That's stranger yet, reward the men, and command them make no further search, nor speake of it, let it dy with you too, doe yee heare?

Exit Coracinus.

The villaines have robd at their returne, and got their Deaths that way, I neere could spare them worse, the State stands in greater need of theirs, than of the sword of Justice. *Rodia?*

Enter Rodia?

Rod. My Lord.

Tim. Is your Lady to be spoke with?

Rod. Alwayes my Lord by you, but now shee's comming forth.

Enter Eudora.

Tim. Save you sweet sister.

Eudo. O you are welcome Sir.

Tim. Sure Eudora, Venus and the Graces had their hands to

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to day about you, you looke fairer than your selfe, and move in the Sphere of love and beauty. Cupid has taken his stand up in your eyes, and shoots at all that come before him; pray *Venus* he misse mee.

Eudo. When begins your serious?

Tim. These are the sweet looks that captivate the Prince in a free country, and this the dresse that must inchant him, ha?

Eudo. There is no charme in't certainly, it pleas'd mee the least of many, no, tis your faire Mistris which beares those Love-nets about her, if the Stranger scape her hee's safe.

Tim. Had better kill his father, and then gaze upon the spectacle, than looke upon her with the eyes of love.

Eudo. Nay then you are cruell, would you have him stronger then your selfe was? if he be guilty the same doome must light on you too.

Tim. But I have prevaild so farre that he shall be free from the Danger both of love and seeing, shee'l not bee there; nor must you make up his entertainment.

Eudo. I was commanded to be ready and attend there.

Time. But now the Commissions altered and runnes in another sence.

Eudo. I shall bee content to obey either. May I not know the cause?

Tim. You may, wee would not feed the Prince here with hopes to get a wife, this was the storme that drove him in, nor must you onely for this time forbear his presence, but while he staves; he is unworthy of you.

Eudo. If you know him so, I shall then without Excuse deny his visits. But I thinke This businesse may be borne a nobler way. Nor will the end faile though the meanes be faire. Leave it with me, if he sue with honour, He will take an honourable answer. Though he gaine none from me, Ile get his love, And send him home, no lesse a friend, than if Hee were a husband, by my restraint youle Onely gaine unto your selfe the markes of

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Jealousie and malice, and fouler stains
If that the crime were nam'd to the desert.
Besides it does proclaime in me too, such
A weakenes as I am much a sham'd of;
Had he a face adorn'd with the graces
Of both Sexes, beauty and manlinesse,
And these ingrafted on the body of
A god, I could looke on, converse, I, and
Neglect him too, when I have reason; feare
Not me then.

Tim. I doe not, I know thee strong, the honour of a King-
dome may leane with safety on thee, but hee will linger here
too long, besot the State with feasting, and in this case give
safety to treacherous undertakings, he must be us'd ill, ther's rea-
son for't.

Eudo. Is there then a policy in rudenesse?

Why don't you rather send a defiance
To him, proclaime him enemy; this were
Nobler farre, than to receive him in your armes
And then affront him, say health and wish
Poyson in the cup, are you so much below him?

Tim. Theres greater thoughts in hand than curious rules of
Ceremony, if he send any present to you, returne it backe with
scorne.

Eudo. Pride is ill becomming, and hated by the next proud
man.

Tim. Then take um and laugh at him.

Eudo. No, where my thanks are too much, Ile rather returne
gifts for gifts; I would be loth to have my faults reach further
than my goodnesse.

Tim. Hee'l weare those gifts for favours.

Eudo. They will not prove so, yet hee will deserve some as
he is a stranger.

Tim. Not from you, rewards the State will give him, you
heare my fathers will, you must not see him while he stays.

Eudo. I doe, and shall easily keepe that I doe not care to
breake.

Tim. Farewell.

Eudo. Must you be gone?

Tim.

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Tim. There's a little busines calls me.

Eudo. It be but a little stay.

Tim. Onely the welcome of the Stranger.

Eudo. Tis too much to hinder,

I see a causelesse and a needlesse rage

Hid in your brest the Prince may be noble,

Valiant, if you receive him then with scorne,

Hee'l prove a stronger enemy than those

Unworthy ones you feare at home, whose own

Actions daily ruine, and whose ill made

Knots will loosen faster than they ty them;

You have prevaild with me, Ile not be wome

To see him now : but let it not appeare

By your default, and that my retirement

Is onely in scorne to him, which will be

Made plaine, if that you change not this face you

Have put on, it becomes you at no time ;

A Prince should alwaies smile or look indifferent,

He has no need of frownes, as other men,

All lives are in his breath, and if they doe

Offend, his revenge is knowne, and need not

Be declar'd by face expressions, where ther's

Power to punish tis tyranny to rage,

Anger is no attribute of Iustice ;

Tis true, shee's painted with a sword, but looks

As if shee held it not, though warre be in

Her hand, yet peace dwells in her face; learne once

Of me, and when you have no cause of a

Distemper, expresse none ; now you have made

All sure, doubt not, but receive the Stranger

With fearelesse and confident imbraces.

Time. I will, or at least Ile tell thee so when thou perswadst
me thus. Farewell.

Exit Timeus.

Eudo. Thy subtile plots will ruine thee at last,

Valour and policie doe seldome meete,

Yet here they are in their extreames in one,

But doe most strangely divide the owner,

Makes him dread none, and yet confirms him not

Within a guard.

Exit.

What

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*What can our wishes deprecate.
When vice is made both Law and fate!
When for the good o'th Common-weale
The counsellors cald to Plot a Meale,
And Beasts brought in with solemne cry.
As spoiles got from the enemy.*

*Chorus. Whose life's the Table and the Stage,
He doth not spend but loose his age.
The Kings eyes, like his Jewells, be
Set to Adorne, not to foresee:
And as his Crowne: he thinkes each thing
Runnes round in a continved Ring.
But Sacrifices crowned bee
And Gardlands fit for Destiny.*

*Chorus. Fates then we feare, have writ this lot
That Wine shall loose what blood hath got.*

Actus Secundus: Scena I.

Enter Clearchus.

C*Lea.* Is this your royall entertainment? a Common host
would have given one as civill; shewne his guests their
quarter, and then left them to stumble out againe; my receavers
are all vanisht — An undeserving Icome will trouble me —
neither of the two Princes were in the traine; they might
have trusted 'em, I could have gag'd a Kingdome for their
security. The meanest things displease me not, if they are the
fullest offerings of the place, and gratefully I can submit to the
necessity: but where they are afforded I can relish nothing but
the choyselt, and looke on ought but what invites the gene-
rall and first eye, here a continuall Spring and Harvest make
but one season, no scarcety doth dwell but in their minds, and
then I thinke my selfe neglected with the best things.

Enter Courtier and passes by, halfe Reeling.
Was not the fellow drunke?

Now

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Another something far Courier passes by.
Now they begin to muster up againe, here I stand like one that
learnes to make his first honor.

Enter Adeltiffa and passes by.
When comes the fourth? three of the Elements have past by
simple and unmixt, Water, Earth and Ayre, I wether expect
than in a Masque, the fourth was in the Prince, hee singd my
face with a complement. I am arriv'd among a stranger peo-
ple, than ever I heard lyde of yet, at my returne I shall have
undiscoverd story enough to fill a map, though the Land bee
knowne, I have past some two degrees, and may lawfully ex-
tend my lines to twenty, and fill the vacuity with monsters
and Fish-heads.

Enter Comastus.
Sir, by your favour, if your businesse call you not, pray let me
intreat your company awhile.

Com. Troth, an't like your Grace, I am in hast, in verie
great hast, the King has sent for mee, and I know, hee
thirsty till I come; I would your Grace were as resolute,
and as well armd this way as I. *Hee discovers a great*
you'd be the wellcomst man— *Gabler.*
Hee loves a royall Drunkard with admiration, hee never saw
one yet but in a glasse. Sir, have you any businesse with him?
you neede no other Oratour, than such as this, such a mouth,
without a tongue, will perswade anything; yet this is o'th
least, fit onely for Phisicke-daies, when hee would not surfeet, a
meere toy that troubles the waiters with often filling, but I
have one as high—heeres nothing to measure it by; twas
that made mee so inward with him. I alwaies use to petition
with it, tis bigger than any of his owne, and pleasd him a-
bove measure; the first time hee saw it, hee commended the
largenesse of my minde, and said it was a noble emulation
in mee; hee has a Daughter Sir, a beautifull Lady, my hopes,
unlesse some neighbour Prince doe reele between us, your
Grace comes the right way, hee hates a dry Inland traveller,
but that you kisse the cup, and have too much botince, and
downe with him in you, which were things hee surfeited on
some fifteene yeares since, and still the very names turne his

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Stomacke, besides your Navy and attendants are too great, hee'd have esteem'd more on you, had they been fewer, enough onely to leane on, when you are overtaken, or if you had wanted those, and borrowed his unto your chamber it had beene better where hee findes worth, the pompe delights him not, your pardon Sir,

Exit Comaster.

Clea. This is stranger than all, with what licence this fellow abuses his Master, or speaks truths altogether, as unpardonable; sure he has a patent for't: I see I shall want names for all the monsters.

Enter Aratus to him.

Ara. Though your grace are here a Stranger, I may demand of you where the King is?

Clea. If none know more than I, my Lord, you have lost your king.

Ara. Sure hee is not well, I hope hee is not, with a safe loyalty I may wish hee hath a dangerous cause rather than none, to take him from a Prince the first night of his arrivall in Court.

Clea. My Lord, I have found much honor in you, one that knowes to shew more civility to a Stranger than hee can deserve, and onely are unhappie at this time in an unworthy choice; but if you still can continue this noblenesse, though the King frowne, I shall gladly make some stay, at least till I have satisfied a strangers curiosity, and may seeme rather to have left the place, than to have beene thrust from it.

Ara. Beleeve me (my Lord) both your entertainment, and this necessity, that you are drove to use so meane a service as mine, doth shame me much. 'Tis not the nature of this place to be thus uncivill, nor is t our custome, as it hath beene this day, to coope our Ladies up, as if the sight were dangerous, their beauties will indure the Test: and we will put them too't; twas unkindly done, I know one looke of theirs would have given a wellcome to a young man above the greatest cost.

Clea. My Lord, you know to speake a pleasing language,

Ara. Wee have two Princesses Sir, few Kingdomes can shew such Jewells, but onely one is orientall, the other artificiall, but an excellent Immitation; one of them, the true one,

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I doubt not but I have credit for to shew you, but tis not to bee purchast, that happy opportunity is already past, and the how owner esteemes it above his wealth, his life, I, and his honour too.

Clea. Yet my Lord, blesse me with the sight, I can rejoyce at so much excellence, though another doe possesse it, and no doubt as much of the owners felicity lies in others admiration, as in his owne possession.

Ar. All but jealous men thinke so, and they count themselves robd of all happinesse in their wives another doth receive, are as covetous of their beauties as manie husbands of their persons, thinke themselves cuckolded by a womans commendation. But, my Lord, Ile leave you, I was going to the Princess before I met your grace. I know few words will gaine so ealie a request, to morrow and daily Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Clea. Sir you have engaged Me your servant beyond my hope of freedome. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Hianthe and Ladies.

Hian. Nay, you must beare it patiently, my dominion extends no further than these roomes, and beyond them I grant nothing: how will you endure the Strangers delays, that thus hardly brooke his comming, the King in complement will not admit the winds to serve sooner than a moneth, were that all his stay; but here must be Masques and triumphes before he goes, and the Subject yet not knowne for the one, nor ornaments made for the other; perhaps a league must be concluded, and then I would not live to bee so old as to see the end on't, the meanest persons will require a moneth to fit themselves, a Prince cannot turne in lesse than a season.

1 Lady. May you not see the Garden, Madam?

Hian. No, nor the day, but through a window.

2 Lady. Wee'l petition to him under the title of distressed Damsells, that must passe the flower of their age in imprisonment, unlesse hee'l travell to his owne, or some other Country, to gaine 'em freedome.

Hian. Madam, hee'l thinke wee are held by enchantment, that his absence, and not his sword must gaine our liberty. Faith wenches, what would you doe with such a servant

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that will lay commands on you, and be your Lord before His men hath made him so?

1. *Lady*, Madam, I'de change him.

Hian. Leave him I would but change him's a harder matter, and will require more consideration, I have not the faith that I can worke so great a miracle as to perswade mine, to any thing he has not a minde to, and yet he sweares he loves me, as he loves a Kingdome.

2. *Lady*, You may beleeve him, Madam, you are his best Title were the Sword away.

Hian. *Melissa* broke loose, and gone to the shew.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. No Madam, shee's return'd.

Hian. Is she so, and what hath shee seene?

Mel. The scurviest entertainment, I did not thinke it possible so short a time could have prepared one so ill, 'twas thought on before, and paines taken to order it so much for the worse: This was the first day that ere me thoughts the King and my Lord *Timens* lookt like the Father and the Sonne, The King had on his old councill face, which all hoped he had forgot and this was the only time these many yeeres he should not have worne it, they both embrac'd the Stranger, as cold, and carelesly as if they had beene to fight after, this behaviour in the great ones, was presently observed like a new fashion, and in an instant the whole traine was in, from the bravest to those which follow a fashion onely, when 'tis to leave off something, and then looke not as if they were hot: but wanting a cloake. Marry their wit's were not so changeable, as their faces, and having but one Sure of Complement, and that now unfashionable, they were faine to supply it with Leggs, and Silence.

Hian. How look't the Prince on their behaviour?

Mel. He look't much above it in my opinion, two foote higher then my Lord *Timens* though not altogether so tall, these sower lookes were all the without-dore shew, which ended in a solemne March, they returnd all into the Palace, the Strangers seemed rather to follow with a silent consent then an invitation; there the presse shoock me off to finde this out for your graces mirth, and at my returne, as I least expected

*Shew's
Papers.*

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expected, I found the Prince all alone where any body might have seene him for nothing, the *Grecian*, and the *Trojan* Capitaines in the hangings were all his company, with whom hee seem'd well suited, had they beene alive his lookes were as challenging as theirs, and standing so, bred much comparifon.

Hian. Know you the reason of this behaviour?

Mell. No Madam, yet if I would I might have learnt of many, indeed all could give a reason, those which onely from this occasion knew what belong'd to any, the whole company were Politicians, there was one Yeoman, Statesman inform'd most about him, and left them to write his letters for certaine newes into the Country.

Hian. Well, now turne your wit unto our mirth, we have more neede of that, what have you got there?

Mell. That which shall save my wit blamelesse that is unpractised 'tis a rare peece of Poetry, which I have beene Patronesse of from the first nonsense in't, that is, from the first line, there much mirth intended in it, and I doubt not, but your grace will finde it, the Author, himselfe is an Emblme of the first Comedies, where one acted all, and will make you laugh though you saw him every day, I have brought him along with me, he stays but without till his admittance be graunted.

Hian. No, prethee *Melissa*, 'twill be too much.

Mell. I beseech your grace, and do but smile upon his learning. *Domine, Domine.*

Enter a Poet rudely, and seeing the Princesse and other Ladies steps back as rudely.

Mel. Looke, looke, I told you what you'd doe, you are so forward.

Poet. I can presume most humble Lady.

Hian. Ladies ha, ha, ha.

They turne from him when they laugh and come up againe.

Mell. Hold your peace, with your presuming, you should let the Princesse speake. This is the author Madam.

Hian. Ladyes. ha, ha, ha,

Mell. What thinke you your Play will doe when

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One Scene of your selfe breeds all this mirth?

Poet. Ham.

Hian. Melissa?

Mel. Your Grace?

Hian. Præthee discharge him I am not able to looke so much laughter in the face and keepe it in to save my Modesty.

Mel. So, tis well Sir, the Princesse hath taken notice of your worth, and commanded me to reward your. Attend to morrow and you shall receive it, and pray see that her grace have all your labours (as you call 'em) and your fooling.

Exit Poet.

Hian. O tis well we dresse us not, but was this a Poet, Mel. beleeve it Madam but I hope his worke will satisfie that Question her's rare stuffe i'll warrant it

*Shæe turnes over the leaves
and reades these entries.*

*Enter Eugenia dying as she goes. Enter a Nymph,
persued by a wild Beare.*

Will your grace examine it?

*They all take severall papers, and sit downe
in the meane time Clearchus, and Hamantus
mistakes in upon them.*

1 Waitor, Who were they past by?

2 Waitor, But certainly they know what they doe

They are so confident.

Clea. Where are we now?

Haim. Certainly in no danger Sir.

*First the Ladies spee & m and Rise amazedly,
and afterwards the Princesse.*

Mel. The Prince.

*The other Ladies whisper the
Prince, the Prince.*

Clea. Madam, our bold mistake hath thrust us on too farre, to retire without excuse, which we shall hardly make unlesse, your favour meete us, wee are Strangers that thus have er'd, unfortunately I must not say, that were a sinne great as our rudenesse, yet we ought to esteeme a fault, though it is to us a blessed one, and hath conferred a happines, our best deeds could not have deserv'd.

Exeunt

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Exeunt Clea and Hain
Mel. This entrance was, something abrupt, and beyond the
 intent of our *Pder.*

Hain. A strange accident, was it the Prince that spoke?

Mel. I Madam, but 'twas improper here.

Hain. Art thou sure 'twas he?

Mel. I am Madam, does your grace incline, I see a Prince
 is too high a personage and spoiles a Comedy, shall not our
 Play goe on?

Hain. We have had too much on't. *Shee snatches it from
 her, and goes out.*

Mel. Nay, Madam, take us along with you, we cannot main-
 taine the Stage without our parties. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Enter Aratus, and Pallantus.

Ara. Madam, a litle of your company I beseech you.

Mel. My Lord *Aratus*, save you.

Ara. A good salutation for a faire Lady whose beauties so
 distinguish

Mel. Your Lordship's very concerned, on my conference
 tis the first jest hath beene made on that poore saying this
 thousand years. *Shee looks at Pallantus and
 hee blunders.*

Ara. What doe you look at? doe you want a servant?

Mel. Blesse me, my Lord, what pale man have you got
 there?

Ara. Why pray? because hee's blacke; the fitter for a
 Lady.

Mel. For a Lady? I never saw such a Devils play-fellow.

Ara. Hee's white with all snow and milke.

Mel. They are put into an inke-bottle.

Ara. What, would you have one that spends more milke
 about his face than he sucked in his childhood, that dresses him-
 selfe in gloves as if one part were too good to doe service for
 the other, and dares not shew his hands for shaming of his Mi-
 stris, nor commend hers because his owne are whiter, and
 when he is a bed, none can distinguish whether hee be the hus-
 band, nor hardly see her selfe. This is one neglects his outside
 beyond a common cleanness, and bestowes that care upon his
 minde, there waits his foure houres of dressing, and what the
 other

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other doth exceede in sprucenes hee'l make good in service,
pay respects unto his Ladies person, and not unto her muffle, and
if at any time danger doe approach her, fearelesse he darts beat
it backe, or make it welcome by his noble fall, himselfe in
presence guards her, and his memory in his absence.
Come, pray spoile not his hopes among the Ladies hee's a
young Courtier and wants a Mistris.

Mel. I am turn'd when I hear reason. I beseech, my Lord,
let me be she.

Ara. I thought 'twould come to this, you make the furthest
way about, the highest to your ends, love by discommending,
pray let him salute you then.

Mel. Not unlesse youle stand by me.

Ara. Well, I warrant you; my friend?

Pall. My Lord?

Ara. Pray draw neere, heeres a faire Lady gladly would sa-
lute you, now you are at Court you must lay by your warlike
thoughts, and plot how you shall overcome in complement
and conquer in civility.

Pall. My Lord, I shall bee a sham'd to pretend so much un-
to the Soldier, as to make my selfe incapable of so great an
honour this Lady does mee by her faire salutation, though I am
unworthy, I can be proud to be her Servant.

Ara. What thinke you?

Mel. I know not what to thinke of so much wonder, what
rarities shall I be mistris of, and none envy me.

Ara. Well, to leave you in that rapture,
May I speake with the Princeesse?

Mel. Yes, she went hence but now.

Ara. May I adventure to goe in?

Mel. You may, but call my servant along with you.

Ara. You are a longing againe, but not a bit, tis sweet meat,
not a bit.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Clearchus.

Clea. Why should I feare to entertaine a guest
So honourable as love is, that fills
The minde with noble thoughts, and strengthens men
To act such deeds themselves stile gods. *Pallas*
Mars and *Mercury*, are but the proper names

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For virtues, loves effects, without some kind
Of which there could be no society,
The world is held up with Loves Deity,
But it appears most god-like, when beauty
Is its sphere. I will embrace thee therefore
Gentle spirit. Fooles doe profane thy fires
And call thee a Disease. Thou wert the old
And first Religion, not taught, but borne
Within us, the onely and first law, which
None that lov'd could erre in, thou hast too long
Been absent, and unkindly never wouldst
Vouchsafe a Dart till now. Dwell in my brest
And teach me all thy lawes. Let not thy shades
And flowry bankes withdraw thee, when thou maist
Inhabit here, make *Paphies* but thy refuge,
The heart's thy native soile, thy mothers lap's
A banishment to it. How well thou hast
Already taught me, each Lover is thy Priest
And speakes thy Power, without thy aide
Beautie appeares dead, and cold to all, as it hath
Hitherto to me, nor sinks it deeper than
the eye. Thou art the Organ that beares
The species inward.
When thou sittest multiplyde in every part,
Thou mak'st each limbe as sensible as the Heart.

*Enter Haimantus and waiters as attending
him. Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Hianthe, Aratus, Pallantus and Ladies.

Ara. And Madam, I doubt not but shortly I shall bring you
newes of greater joyes, and see you in that height you were
borne, a Queene, not to be approachd but by ceremony, and the
humblest services.

Hian. My Lord, that happinesse you wish mee through my
Lord *Timeus* will come too soone upon mee. But as I said be-
fore, my Lord, the Princes comming, if it be knowne, will cause
much jealousie and danger.

Ara. Madam, leave that to mee, none but my selfe, and this

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Gentlemen (which I beseech your Grace to know) shall be acquainted with it, and we will waite upon him.

Pall. Amongst those many voyces, and knees which daily do you honour. I gladly would receive an humble place, and pay my duties at your feete too, you may demand what they are. A heart and carelesse life to doe you service just so, what was Incence on an Alter to a Deity that had noe sent: or a Cake and Wine to a power that had not Stomacke? yet they harkened to those which offered such trifles, and lik't and approv'd the worship, with the same hopes I present my slight but most devoted Services.

Hian. Sr. your Love is welcome.

Ara. We are both your humble creatures.

Exeunt Om.

Cleander is discovered sleeping.

A Song.

*While Morpheus thus doth gently lay,
His powerfull charge upon each part,
Making thy spirits even obay
The silver charmes of his dull Art:*

*I thy good Angell from thy side,
As smoke doth from the Alter rise,
Making no noyse as it doth glide
Will leave thee in this softe surprize.*

*And from the Clouds will fetch thee downe,
A holy vision to expresse,
Thy right unto an earthly Crowne:
No power can make this Kingdome lesse.*

*But gently, gently least I bring
A start in sleepe by suddaine flight,
Playing a loose, and hovering,
Till I am lost unto the sight.*

This is a motion still, and softe

So free from noyse or crye,

That Jove himselfe who heares a thought

Knows not when we passe by.

Enter

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Enter Achates.

Acha. There he sits, and sleepe hath seized on him, which seldome does so at a season & houre, but still he takes it when it comes, not when tis due, when wearinesse and not the warnings of the night doe prompt him to it. Hee layes to sleepe because the day is gon, is to performe a duty not a necessity, and to eate at a certaine houre to satise the time, and not his hunger. Nature is the Mistress of his faculties and no custome, which are rude and stubborne and will admit not Lawes but what themselves enact, nor stricktly observe them neyther. Tis a strange distraction for 16. yeares, a deeper discontent possesse him then doth the memories of those, which have runne the miseries, and sinnes of a long life. This desolate happines is all that he enjoyes, and this I am commanded to breake from him.

Cleander, what who Cleander.

Clea. Why are you thus crewell in your care? did you but know the felicityes you have wak't me from, you would have rockt my sleepe for ever, thought it a greater mercy to have kill'd, then thus to have divor't me, I was wrapt into the company of men of gods, if compar'd with those we here converse with, enjoy'd the most excellent things, there more excellent, and glorified, was Crown'd a King o're all and with a traytorous push you have depos'd me. Alas how fading is my happines, which a small hoyle or motion can dissolve, nay turne to nothing.

Acha. Let that reason make you scorne 'em, and aime at lasting ones.

Clean. Were their longest life but three minutes, and that time uncertaine, they were to be prefer'd before the reallest, and most continuing you could thinke on, these are pure and celestiaall pleasures, to be fed on onely by the fantasie, I'le in and againe invite them with a slumber.

Exit.

Acha. I must forbear my remedies 'tis dangerous applying Physicke in a fit.

Exit.

Enter Comastes at one dore, Polixander Menestius

at the other.

Com. Polixander, Menestius, well met; what have you seene

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the thing yet?

Men. What thing?

Com. The thing that haunts the Court, it has something like a man, and pretends to be one, he comes among the Ladies like a Rough water Dog to a Flock of Fowle, and flutter as fast from him, scattering feathers as they passe, I meane their Fanns and such moveables, he has done noe hurt yet, the Guard dare not mingle with him, hee's too boysterous for their company, one glance of him as he past by broke the Kings draught, which a cubit Cup could nee'r doe.

Enter Pallantus.

See, see, here he comes, with as many patches and such like properties as would furnish a whole cassheer'd Company to beg with, sure he was Scarr-bearer to some Army lett's observe it what it will doe, looke, looke, 'tis pleas'd with the hangings.

Poli. He cannot be thus by nature, nor by accident, he has studied to appeare horrid.

Men. Danger is not so dreadfull in it selfe as it appears in him.

Com. I cannot forbear, for curiosity sake, I'll enter parly with it, what rare things shall I know if I can get him speake, I'll inquire the fortune of the Kingdome for the next thousand yeares, that's not worth the asking. I'll inquire the age of the World and where her treasure lyes, he cannot chuse but know the very heart of the earth. If I cannot perswad, I'll conjure some thing from him.

He goes to Pallantus.

Boe, boe, O Bull-begger! what art thou? who let thee loose? where is any gold hid? my fears were just, nothing but a charme will doe it.

Anaell, Marfo, Rachimias, Thulnear, vemoby savean verneffa.

Elty, Famelron, dusculta et obtempora mandatis meis.

This was not terrible enough.

Omallaharen, Madrason, Taporois, Iofaschan.

Almonim, Fabelmarafim.

This won't doe it, it must bee more tirrible yet, I adjure thee by those Boots, thy Velyet eye, by all the Taylors worke

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worke about thee.—

Pall. Peace Foole.—

Com. Oah.

Pall. The King will heare thee and thou wilt be whipt for balling.

Exit.

Com. Prethee good divell something of the other World.

Men. Ha, ha, ha.

Poli. I hope hee has satisfied your curiosity *Comastes*, Ha, ha, ha.

Com. Nay, I'll not leave him thus, be baffed by a Goblin? I'll follow it to the place where it shakes the Chaine, that certaine.

Exit.

Men. Ha, ha, ha, come let's see the end of the Conjuraton.

Exeunt Om.

Enter Clearchus, Haimantus in holy habits, Aratus.

Ara. My Lord, *Cupid* put his hood-winke on you that he us'd to aime with, and than you could not misse the marke, I feare the second view will not be so delightfull, the most excellent things scarce please twice.

Clea. My Lord, thinke not so, for were the World darke about her, or I blind to all things else, in her I could find variety enough, and so long as she were not ecclipsed I could not envy him that were so plac'd, that he at once could see the whole earth as in a Map.

Ara. These habits then my Lord will bring you thither, me thinks your Grace becomes them really well, now you are a Person most Sacrosanct, twice holy, made so by your Majesty and order. Tis time that you were going, the guide is ready to attend you to the place from whence you must seeme to come, I with a private guard will waite you at the Princesse lodgings for feare of any suddaine danger.

Clea. My Lord, I shall ever owe my life to you, as much as if you had sau'd it, and that I liv'd wholly by your guift, but here can be no danger where she wishes safety.

Exeunt Clea. Haim.

Ara. When this is past, then for the great worke, this is but a flourish to recreate the Sences in respect of that, it now growes toward an end, and heavier like many things.

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at first light in themselves, and hardly to bee caught for every
aire, being condensed and thickned to a bottome, doe presse the
shoulders and make the vaines groane under.

*As Aratus goes out, Phronimus and Eurilachus
enters and calls after him.*

Phro. Aratus?

Ara. How now friends, mee thinkes your lookes are lively,
how succeeds your undertakings?

Phro. Too well to faile a minute of the time.

Eur. All the places we named, are sided with us, and those
parts which *Pallantus* heretofore commanded are ready to sa-
crifice their new Lords to any that can but say hee knew their
old.

Ara. Why this is the life of every action, and makes it plea-
sant, when fortune is no enemy to industry, nor turnes her wis-
dome into folly, makes not that a ruine which was a well or-
dered safety, when they both consent the burthen's light, and
labour but a serious sport.

Phro. The young Prince is come, but wee have given com-
mand to keepe him close, least his face discover what his for-
tune is, a Gentleman at the first sight started at him, and calld
him the Prince's Picture.

Ara. You must looke to that. The time now growes pre-
cious, we must waighe each dram, and till this be over, count all
lost wee spend in sleepe or eating: come, every man to his
charge. I doubt not on the day, to have a Prince helpe us to set
the Crowne upon our King.

*Exeunt amnes.
Enter the King and Timens.*

King. But these are things for the following age, wee are
hedg'd in beyond all feare, if loyalty may prove destructive,
there is yet some danger.

Tim. Because you see a calme enwrap all round
About yee, you conceive 'twill be
As lasting as tis pleasing. Tempests, sir,
May contradict you even whiles you think so,
Evills are silent now, not done away,
They couch and lye in waite. Sedition walkes
With clawes bowd in, and a close mouth, which onely
Shce keeps for opportunity of prey.

Your

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Your ruine yet appeares not and you thinke
Because it lurkes, you are safe,
Hee that will be truly secure must found
A peace on the distraction of all things
That can impeach it : enemies reconcild
Are like wilde beasts brought up to hand, they have
More advantage given them to be cruell.

King. Can the grave
Quicknen her ashes into Souldiers? shall
Stench and corruption yeild us enemies?
We are safe from those that live, they will not hurt,
And those that sleepe in the forgotten dust
Cannot. There is nothing now remaining
To our care, but to give thanks we are safe
Enough, if that we can rejoyce. Thou leest
Thy best dayes passe without receiving fruit
That should be cropt from them, I did expect
Thou shouldst have urgd me to thy Nuptials,
Such cares besit thee best; how the Triumphs
Should be ordered, and *Hymens* torch well lighted.

Tim. Pray Heauen no other flames breake out
But such as mirth shew forth, when treason laughs
Upon your sports you call it piety,
Cause it lookes smoothly on your strength when it runnes
Out in an idle pompe, suffering your vigor
To wast it selfe in triumph and diminish
In a continued jollity, that so, Sir,
Ruine may be quiet, and you perish
Without disturbance, nor are all things yet
So free from our suspition as you make 'em,
You doe suppose that all close eyes must sleepe,
When they are nere more watchfull, than when thus
They counterfeit neglect. Severely prying
Into the depth of things, by seeming not
To observe the face and outside : Treason doth
Walke in a whisper yet, their hate is busie
And makes no noise; think not that it is their feare,
But their advice and counsell makes it silent:
Doe you expect a Proclamation, or

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A Herauld from Sedition? tis too late
To say you were deceived, when that the Trumpet
Shall summon to your ruine, you doe slumber,
Girt you, before the fire hath gaind your Cabin,
And doe not trust your preservation to
A Miracle, or a chance; you have an heire,
Yet hee is none of yours, hee that begot mee
Did perish long agoe. I was the child
Of Vigor, not of Luxurie.

I must tell you, Sir,

A few flattering Lords gild ore the defects
And ruines of your State, they make you call
A Lethargy, Security; and that a Kingdome
Which, like to childrens houses on the sand,
Reard up in sport and toying, will become
A Prey unto the wave that first approacheth,
They can perhaps judge well of meates and wines,
Good Table States-men, Souldiers at a banquet,
Strong, to orecome a Goblet, or a Charger:
But Kingdomes safeties are not owed unto
The Pallat, and the Stomacke; if that these
Were State affaires, your Councell were most found,
And every brest a Synod; if that Musique could now
Raife Walls and Cities as of old,
Your Realme would be impregnable.

King. Hast thou yet done?

Not all the Ghosts that I have made, have beene
Thus cruell to me, nor, as yet, their graves
Have threatend halfe these evils; thy mothers
Labour was a conception to these paines
Thou howerly bringst upon me.

Tim. Sir, I am forrie, 'twas my love, my love
That so did dictate to mee, my desire
That your sports might follow one another,
And succeed so just, that they may seeme to
Bring the season on, and not the season
Them, that thus they might continue ever,
But 'twas that they might continue, and not
Fall by treason. But Sir, I will no more,

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I shall hereafter think't more piety
Hand in hand to fall in perills with you,
Then my selfe to bring them.

King. What wouldst thou have?
The power I have is wholly thine, if that
I never did deny, was not thought given,
Now I doe, take all the meanes thou canst by
Law or Majesty to remove thy feares.

Time. Sir, I thanke you, humbly thus low I thank you,
Nor will I in a complement returne
It backe againe, till I have made you safe;
I shall goe to worke like a resolute,
But skillfull Surgeon, that dares feele and searce
A wound, and if hee finde dead flesh dares cut
It off, or more corruption will not spare
A limbe.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Hianthe, Aratus, Pallantus.

Hian. May I hope to see such happinesse?

Ara. To enjoy it howerly, and to the end, or I shall curse
my selfe else.

Pall. It is the power of Princes for to change
The place the come in to a Court, but this
Lady beares such divinity about her,
That where she comes, she consecrates the place
A Temple, me thinks a sacred awe doth
Fill the roome resulting from her presence.
How happie were those times which saw a King
And Councell of the same blessed temper,
Informd with soules like hers; that knew no vice
But what they punisht, nor learnt it further
Than the law and common place instructed;
In that great Mafsaker (I may rather say)
Of virtues than of men, all that tied not
To this holy Sanctuary were crusht to nothing.

Hian. Can I no way be a helper?

Ara. Onely with your prayers, the men will orecome, and
the Gods, who must with piety bee conquered, wee'l leave to
your goodnesse, but madam you must yet conceale your ioyes,
and not speake them with a looke.

F

Hian.

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Hian. This is the hardest taske, the first is so iust and righteous that in it selfe it is both prayer and sacrifice.

Ara. There are but a few dayes now, as I may truly say, to crowne our labours, our greatest care is how we shall provide for your grace before the time, your stay heere may bee dangerous.

Hian. Take no care for me, my Lord, which way so ere the fortune goes, I shall be safe from all, but from my selfe.

Ara. Madam the Prince.

Enter Clearchus, Haimantus.

Hian. So fell the cloud from off the Trojan Lord,
Not able to imbrace such raies within,
But being piercd, turnd all at once to ayre,
And left thin cload as dazling as the Sunne.

Clea. Sure I was rude and barbarous; before
This softer fire did touch my heart, and from
The wild inhabitants of the wood, differed
In passion onely, and not reason; that
Without more respect, my dulleyes could gaze
Upon such brightnesse, and with a ready rudenesse:
Could excuse the fault committed.
The unhewne Clowne not faultering with his tongue
Or in his lookes abasht, could answer to
The Emperor of the world, when he that's
Better taught and neerer to the Maiesie
That speakes, beates for a word, and answers but
With lookes: although at other times his learn'd
Soule can dictate such as would be: if that the god of
Wit his Deity were calld in question,
And forced to shew some excellent
Piece above all was ever writ, as the
Tenure by which he holds his God-head:
Pardon that, like the assendants of the
Alter, thus by degrees I come, and pause
At each step, and bend unto that neerenesse,
Rashnesse was my fault before, and brought me
Into shame. Though no adoration,
Yet there is a duty to be paid at
Your faire shrine.

Hian.

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Hian. Sir, It was not yours, but the rudenesse of the Court that would leave you to so unhappie a mistake.

Ara. If I would set a spectacle to the World, it should be such a close, where beauty Ador'd beauty and greatnesse bow'd to greatnesse. Me thinks the heavens doe open, and the clouds Are spun into a thread, to let downe some God unto this contract. Let us withdraw, The Power is now descended, and all Within is sacred and misterious, And if we doe pry into these secrets, Our curiosity will bee punishd.

Exeunt Aratus, Pallantus, Haimantus,

Clea. This honourable admittance you have granted mee shall hereafter be my onely glory, the sweet meditation that accompanies my old age, nor shall the much envied youth, make mee wish one day backe to bee partaker of their lesser pleasures, when I shall call these greater unto minde, what cordiall will it bee; when I can silently boast within my selfe, my younger daies were grac'd by a Princeesse, the fairest in the world; so I may say.

Hian. O my Lord, when you talke thus, though I am loath, you doe compell me to turne my face away.

Clea. I humbly crave your pardon. 'Tis strange so much seriousnessse can produce such follies, yet I have faire grounds for what I said, which most excellently shew themselves in every part.

Hian. They shew but to the fantasie, ther's no such beauty here, tis borrowed from your speech and faire esteeme, which thus Ile pay you backe againe; you are all that you have said, and when I first saw you, so you did appeare to me, and I think to all the world, the first sight promises all vertues, and the next performes 'em, nothing seem'd then so low in you as this passion.

Clea. What honours you have laid upon mee, I may bleed for, but cannot purchase any like 'em; nor returne such back againe, there all must submit, your gifts, as your beauties, are excelling. But away vaine words, I will endeavour to grow strong in those virtues, and not melt

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in the passion you have named, I'll set new Lawes to all noble Lovers, that shall make all their idle passions appeare as fond unto themselves as others, make them throw by their Pen, and with their Sword to act those Fictions nor daring to name nor thinke upon the Saint they worship, but when they have an offering some vertuous increase to bring them neere. Thus is a Love that's free to all, none is injur'd by it *Himens* Torch burnes brighter by such flames, and *Vestas* fires more lasting and more pure, who can complaine the want of beauty, when any (any that dares be good) may adore any, and she like her Picture though she truly looke one way may seeme to cast a gracious eye o're all.

Hian. How his soule labours to soare above the pitch of honor.

Clea. How glad, how much greater should I grow, if I could promise to my selfe, but one of those seeming looks from you.

Hian. My Lord, I have not heard you without admiration and wish I could bestow favours rich, and lovely worthy your acceptance; but seeing that I cannot: I'll strive to honor you, not with peevish and womanish commands, but such as shall be worthy of your valour, and make you yet more a Prince. The bravery you have shewne hath not rais'd a vaine passion in me, but a confidence, a noble confidence, that all those vertues were not nam'd by you but spoke in you, which thus I'll shew my Lord, my Lord, *Aratus.*

Enter Aratus.

But I must leave you to an instructor, 'tis fit for your Sword, and therefore above my power to utter, shame not, Sir, that I put a tutor to you, you are but to ground with him, you may build to what height you please. Come my Lord, you must lay off all Strangenesse here, and receive a noble helper whole bring both Strength, and honor to your Cause.

Ara. I may stand amazed at the noblenesse in you both, but not at this agreement in you, I know vertues are still a kinne though the persons are strangers they are in.

Exeunt omnes
Whiles

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*Whiles this old Puppy thus doth sleepe
And doth in vice, as age grow deepe
Benumbing all these Plants are nigh
Into a drowsy Lethargie,
Behold a nobler Branch appeares,
As farr from's manners as his yeares,*

*Chorus. O shed thou then thy influence,
And weele retorne fresh beauties thence.*

*The feirer sweetnes of his face
Presents a rigour mixt with grace,
And though there were a want of blood
His worth would make his Title good.
Virtues so growne in so few yeeres
Make him eu'n such, become their feares,*

*Chorus. On then, and make the Scepter be
Thought but reserud, not snatcht from thee.*

Actus Tertius : Scena I.

*Enter Aratus, Phnonimus, Pallantus, Eurilochus,
and others.*

*A. Ra. Are all things ready for the ceremony ; the Crowne,
and robes ?*

*Phro. They are, thers nothing wanting if the Prince were
come.*

Euri. Hee's come now.

Enter Clearchus, Hiamantus.

*Ara. Your grace is welcome, but it may seeme to a Strange
place and person ; what thinke you my Lord, are not you fal-
len into the company of so many trayterous and lost men.*

*Clea. Sir, say not so, you have not warrant, though you
ranke your selfe within the number. The place, and per-
sons rather appeare to me, as if there were some Religion
towards.*

*Ara. My Lord, you understand it right, there is a
Religion towards, and I may truely say that this our
private*

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private meeting and close Counsell is more just, and glorious then the lowest deede in Court, that all our publicke Acts, edicts, and formes of Law, are darke and impious compared to it; nay, that this time and place made holy by our purposes hath the gods more manifest and present, then the Sacrifice and Temples, long since made void and empty of a Deity, by those which sue for favours and request for him, who justly heere deserves their horridst vengeance, we are not met heere to plot a generall ruine for a private injury, we know and teach the greatest *Donne* by the King unto the Subject, can not give him cause to throw off his faith. Kings are petty gods and may tempt us, nor is it want or desire of Innovation that thus Stirreth us, wee are in the best ill State already, nor ambition to Strike at that Lawrell which the Thunder spares, no we reverence it, and know that as men are the workes of nature, so Kings of *Jove*. But 'tis our oath the Sacrament we tooke, which still holds us though our Lord be dead, untill his successor doe quit us from it, by taking of a new one, we are not subjects, but slaves to him we now obey, and therefore as slaves we ought to hate our Master; he was borne less then we, and hides the private man under the publique gowne; the purple which he weares was dipt deepe in the blood of Innocents to collour't so. But I vainely wast my selfe in words, here are no minds to be perswaded, nor eares to be instructed; the sinnes we are to punish, we all know, and the gods remember, our Strength then is all we are to speake of, which is the greatest halfe of the *Jsc* 16. yeares undisturb'd provision, so carelesly was that provided for which was got by blood, there is but one Lordship, small in respect of others, the Tyrants owne possession that will stand strong for him, but they are so besotted with their fortunes that their greatest aide will be but in their will to doe him service. They may offer up their lives, like so many Sacrifices for his sake, but not like Souldiers, they are unworthy of that name: They may dy but never conquer, warr is never talk't of but in their banquets, nor dare they fight beyond a Brawle.

Phro. And if we would count part of our Strength in their weaknesse, we have no opposition. In the City where they

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they and their vices are daily scene, nothing is so contemptible; and in the remoter parts, where Majestie is no more reverence'd, being knowne onely by the Power and lawes, and where the name of King heares like the name of God, even there those sonnes of the earth (as I may so call them) dare minace at him, and pile hills on hills to set their bodies equall to their hates.

Enri. Heere we are three, can each of us raise such forces, which, though they could not, yet could make the Kingdome feare a conquest.

Pall. You are a Souldier my Lord, and though but young perhaps have scene already what others whole lives have not shewne them, yet wee'l play a game we dare invite you to, though you were accompanied with all the ancient Heroes, who had they leave but in their aerie shapes to sit on a Tribunal, spectators of the warre, this their second leaving of the earth, should bee more grievous to them than their former deaths, and they would wish this Kingdome might bee their *Elixirum*.

Ara. You see, my Lord, how each can bring his forces in and prompt the other, those which have none on earth can bring them downe from heaven; in stead of men bring manly spirits, words and lookes confirming more than Armies.

Clea. If you have not yet done, I can heare you still, and with such lectures bee content to have my selfe perswaded to that thing, whose imbraces I would leape into; would I could lend aides equall to yours, but theres none so good, yet if you can stay so long, I can command worthy helpers.

Ara. My Lord, it shall not neede, all that wee desire is to have you not our enemy.

Phro. Are you ready for the Priest yet?

Ara. Yes, pray call him in. Though wee need *Exit. Phro.* nothing to strengthen our resolutions, yet wee'l take an oath, tis good to have the Gods along with us, a Sacrament is the tieno lesse of loyalty than of treason.

Phronimus retournes, and a Flamen to them, with the Images of some of the gods.

Ara. Here let us all before the sacred witnes of faith and per-

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perjury, make a holy vow of loyalty to our selves and cause, and as we draw neere to so divine an Essence, consider tis not gold or marble that wee touch, but a modle of a sensible and living Power, which has vouchsafed to be imbraced by one hand, when the vastnesse of our thoughts could not comprehend it.

*Here they all seeme to take an oath
by touching of the Image.*

Ara. Now we are ready for the Prince, *Eurilochus* prethee doe thou conduct him in.

Exit. Eurilochus

Ara. Your grace shall see a stronger perswasion than any you have yet heard, the lively image of her you so much serve, he knowes not yet his fortunes, but I dare warrant hee'l beare them bravely, hee has read the lives of kings though hee never acted any, and you shall perceive he's princely borne, though not bred in Court.

Enter Eurilochus and Cleander the young Prince.

Euri. This way, Sir.

*at his entrance they all stand bare, and
after some pause, Aratus speaks to him*

Ara. Royall Sir. you are wellcome. Start not at the name, it is your due, you were borne to that title, and I doubt not, though you never heard it thus applide before, tis not altogether a Stranger to you, there was a sparke which in the first wombe after a speciall manner was infused into you, and is as another soule within you, as the one informes your body, so this informes that soule, we may call it the difference of a King, that will tell you we are all heere your subjects, and this no strange Phylosophy I teach, and though this rich perfume hath hitherto beene wrapt in this disguise of learning, and defended from the aire oth court, tis not decayde, but growne stronger by such keeping, which when it shall bee opened will cast a fragrant smell ore all the Kingdome, and cure the infections of the former age; to open it we are met, it is a medicine we too long have languished for. And Sir, though it bee a short warning to so great a matter, you must presently prepare to bee a King; wee have no time now to instruct you in your right, and how you lost it, it was yeares a doing, and will require yeares for to relate it. In the meane time, let what you see perswade you, our serious lookes, respects, and the presence of these holy rights.

Clean.

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Clean. I neede not excuse my want of answer to you, there is nothing fit for me to say, which way so ever I ope my mouth to this purpose will appeare foolish, whether I refuse, or grant both are alike ridiculous. I cannot turne my selfe in this place, without committing shame, 'tis not with me as with elder yeares they may deny such offers and be admired for their modesty, or accept them and bee honor'd for that Noblenesse, I have nothing yet at my dispose, obedience is my best part; here I am; you may use me as you please, command me, even to weare a Crowne, and make me submit unto the highest honors, set me on the Throne you speake of, and when I have had it long enough, take it againe from me like other toyes I play with, yet my Lords, I am not so young, but that I know I am a subject, and that I have a King; that thus, though but a sport, to use his titles is a fault, or for any to acknowledge such a spirit as you my Lord have spoken, is no lesse a traytor then he which strikes the Crowne from off his head.

Ara. You have beene heavenly taught, and shall be ever instructed in such Lectures. But the treason which is committed is committed against your selfe, your spirit is usurpt, and he that holds it is your servant as I am, or at least should be so, please you to assend. Sir yond place is provided for you.

Clean. My Lord, set me not such a spectacle of shame.

Eury. Phro. It must be so.

Ara. Submit now, and command ever. My Lord, will you honor us with your helpe.

Here they seate Cleander in the Throne, and after they take of his blacke habit, and put on him a Scarlet Robe. Clearchus and the Flamen hold the Crowne over his head, and the rest stand before, and salute him saying, the gods preserve the King.

Omnes The gods preserve the King.

Ara. We have now perform'd the one halfe of our duty, which was to seate you thus, the other is with our lives to keepe you at this height.

Clean. If I may yet take confidence to speake, and it will become

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become me to say something of my selfe. I could tell you how this day hath beene familiar to me, and in a dreame I have seene things so often, that did not these shoutes confirme me, which were then Still the concluders of my happines, I could not yet beleeeve but all that I have now suffered is only ayrie, and these shapes I see, meere phantastique.

Fla. It was a good and prosperous Omen; which presag'd your quiet here. The gods would not suffer you to rest in a wrong place.

All. May it be so.

Here Aratus brings Clearchus to the King, and seemes to informe him who he is, he discends, and they imbrace, making a mutuall shew of complement, in the meane time Pallantus speakes.

Pall. And shall I alone in such a glorious Action walke unseene? and as a fault performe my duties in disguise? I rather will proclaime it, here fall my mist away, now thou onely barreest me from my joyes, to which I am not neere enough unlesse I can embrace. Give me leave my Lords that as my life, so I may throw my body at his feete; I have a share in him, I, though a Stranger to you, it was my Fathers purchase, with his life, he bought it, nor desire I to hold it by another pattent, may such be the noted end successively of all our name, noe disease but our Mistris cause to dy on. Heere let me kneele and pray all happines and the best things may fall, and then rise, and with my Sword procure those blessings I have praid for, know me my Lords, I am *Pallantus*. —

Phro. Euri. Pallantus?

Ara. Pallantus! My dearest friend proved my dearest kinsman? could I be so dull as to imagine such vallours could be in a shape so low as thy outside promist, or so common as to be met by chance. That I could love thee so, and yet have noe interest in thee? where hast thou beene thus long dead? *Sr.* looke upon this man that turnes our joyes thus from you, your party is made strong by his discovery, he has brought such unexpected aide within himselfe.

Clean.

The Conspiracy.

Clean. My Lord, I am yet as in a new World, and know no more then if I now began to live, the most common things are wonders to me, you must excuse me therefore if I know not how to entertaine such accidents as these, yet I can love, if you point me where I should, and being that I want art, and reason I'll lay on the more.

Clear. Sir as I, new friend, let me imbrace you, but this alteration shall not give me leave to forget those former favours I am to serve you for, what I receive in your disguise, I shall be ever ready to pay unto your selfe.

Ara. How it grieves me to see thy beauties thus blasted in thy youth, warre hath beene too rough a Mistresse to thee, and set thy glories in too eminent a place: had *Venus* beene i'th Campe she would have cover'd thee with *Marses* Shield, although the god himselfe had wanted it, I can remember when the loveliest face compared with thine, could not have taken from thee, when in the brightest ring of beauty thou appearst but well set, and hadst thou beene attired like one of them thou mightst have wonne the Prize of Fairnesse from a Court of Ladies.

Pall. My Lord, they are well lost, both those which were the causers of it, shall receive wounds as Deepe though not so disfiguring, and afford their blood to wash the scarres they have made.

Ara. They shall, and we will helpe to bath thee. 'Tis time that wee broake up, our longer stay my prove dangerous, *Phronimus* and *Enril.* you must post this night to your commands, your Majesty must beare them company, and now without more delay shew your selves, we will be ready heere upon the first newes, my Lord, your Navy will require a Strickt watch and guard on the first motion that will be attempted.

Clea. *Haimantus* you shall presently away, and take the whole charge upon your selfe.

Ara. Pray doe so my Lord, all we have to doe is to mingle our selves in the Court againe, when these troubles are once over a perpetuall ease will follow.

Clean. My Lord, I never enjoy'd safety like these dangers.

Exeunt Om.

Enter

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Enter Timens.

My Lord,
Now to leave suspitions, I can write certaine newes of the
conspiracie we have a long time feard, the swarmes are
now flowne out, the Hives are growne too narrow for
their numbers, and they keepe their murmurings abroad,
every petty fimate upon his Country grievance dares
threaten a State-revenge, and what the Law takes from
him, will repay with ruine. Aratus, Phronimus, Eurild-
chus the three great diseases—

Tim. But not incurable. I know which way
To handle them: there must be some suddaine
Remedy applied, that will worke strongly;
This night Ile send it. Be absent all yee
Lazie medicines that the Law doth bring,
Ye are more treacherous than the villaine
You examine, and where there was none, give
Time for to act mischife: the summons are
The traitors watchword, and drive him to take
That opportunity, which otherwise
His feares would have let slip; my selfe will be
The accuser and the Judge; when publique
Meanes are dangerous, each Prince hath the Courts
Of Justice in his brest.

Enter Pallantus.

What fiend is this that causes such antipathy within me? the
midnight ghost take not shapes so horrid. I have not slept since
first he crost me.

Pall. Wee are both alone, the Gods have given this time
for my revenge.

Tim. What does hee mutter to himselfe?

Pall. Ile not loose this opportunity. *When Pallantus thinks*

Tim. Coracinus, Argestes?

*to draw, Tim. calls 2. of
his guard, which makes
him forbear.*

Enter Argestes, Coracinus.

Tim. Kill that Dog.

Co. My Lord?

Tim. Kill that Dog. cowardly
Villaines, it were a mercy to leave
You to the worrying. *exeunt.*

*They assault Pall. and have
the worst on t. Tim. drawes,
and they make him retire.*

Voyces

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*Voyces are heard within, Treason, Treason,
save the Prince, Treason.*

*Timens, Coracinus, Argestes, retorne bloody,
and others.*

Tim. Hee was a Devill, the power of hell was in his arme,
Night threw her shades about him to defend him: hee could
not have scapt unlesse he had vanishd. Is he oretaken yet.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. No my Lord, but tis impossible he should passe the Court,
sure he has taken covert in lodgings thereabout.

Tim. Let there bee search made, and give command that
when hee appeares againe, hee that first meets him without
more delay doe kill him. Promise a reward for him that brings
his head.

*Enter Clearchus and Aratus with their
swords drawne.*

Clea. How doe you, my Lord? *Tim.* Well.

Ara. Is your Grace hurt?

Tim. And may be againe, if I looke not warilie, would your
Lordships sword were sheath'd.

Ara. Sir, it was drawne in your defence, and if you are jea-
lous, you wrong it, and a ready hand to doe you service.

Clea. Sir, is not the Traitor knowne that did it?

Tim. No doubt he is.

Clea. My Lord, you speake very doubtfull. I hope you doe
not thinke but I am sorry for the accident.

Time. I know not what to thinke, your disposition is as
great a stranger to me as your selfe.

Clea. I see my Lord, you know to bestow injuries, though
no curtesies, to a stranger.

Tim. Iniuries are deserving to an intruding guest.

Clea. You are unworthy—

Timens offers to draw, and they hold him.

And though I am encompass't with all the dangers I may justly
feare from so barbarous a place, which dares doe any thing
it lusts unto, without regard of lawes or hospitality, I'de tell
you so, and were you from the Dung-hill that you stalke on
(it is no better) I'de pull downe that unmanner'd pride
within you.

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Tim. Let mee goe, nothing shall priviledge him to talke thus.

Clea. They hold you in your safety, nor is the distance twixt your life and death longer than this space that parts us. If you dare, oretake me, Ile stay you out a daies sayle at Sea. I challenge you to a princely combate, where come with all your Power, that I may destroy so many brute beasts from of the earth.

Exit. Clearchus

Time. Shall I bee tyed while I am bayted? Ile send those that shall oretake you, and cut you off before your shipping yet. *Coracinus* hast unto the City presently, and in my fathers name command them to raise all speedie Power to stop the Prince, bid them fire his ships in the Haven.

Ara. O my Lord, consider a little more before you lay a scandall on the Kingdome, which future ages cannot wipe off, no story can paralell such a fact; your grace moved him much and gave him cause of choller.

Tim. Does hee helpe your Lordship with ships, that thus you plead his cause? shall I be tutord by a Traytor?

Ara. Sir, you are happie if you can find a Tutor, when you thus much need one, and for your other language, if I understood it I'de give you an answere, in the meane time it must returne upon you.

Enter the King, Polyander, Menetius, Comastes, and attendants.

Time. Well Sir, I shall finde other waies than words to answer you.

King. How now *Timeus*, what bloody?

Time. No more than you see Sir, the sword rather left it on me then drew it out.

King. Who is the traytor that durst attempt such outrage?

Tim. He's scapt unknowne.

King. Unknowne? that cannot bee, when he has past thus farre in the court some must take notice of him. Can you describe him?

Time. Hee was habited like a Souldier, but his lookes had more of Devill than of man.

King. Upon my life I saw him: but tis some two dayes since, he must be knowne in all this time, enquire who brought in

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in any such man, or was seene with him.

Com. This can be no bodie but my Hobgoblin. An't please your grace, was hee not in a buffe Coate, and his face all to beedabld with patches?

Tim. Yes he was so.

Com. Then doe I know him, hee belongs to my Lord *Aratus* there, no bodie durst speake to him but hee, hee shewed his teeth at every bodie else, he had like to have bit me once.

King. *Aratus* doe you heare? they say hee that committed this outrage belongs to you.

Ara. To mee Sir? hee wrongs mee that thinkes so, I maintaine none that dare commit such insolence.

Poli. My Lord, I saw him with you.

Ara. Who? pray make me know the man.

Poly. A blacke sterne Souldier that followed you.

Ara. I feare I understand you now, there is such a one does follow mee, but I never discoverd anie disloyall spirit in him; his outside, tis true, was as you describe, not moulded after the common frame of men, but threatned more than anie I have seene; yet twas but his outside that threatned so, within hee was gentle, all a Courtier, to be wound and turnd by the smallest courtesie. I must confesse, if he were injurd, then hee was proud, and Lordly stormes rose within his lookes, and thunder was in his voice.

King. And you knowing this, how durst you turne such a wild beast loose into the Court, whom had I met and chanced to have anger'd my fortune had beene the same. Lay hands upon him, you shall find that such a Spirit lodges in my brest too, and when tis stir'd will raise Tempests as greate; we shall find other matters to examine you of. Through this seeming neglect we doe put on, we can observe all your actions, and with a halfe and sleeping eie see into your darke plots.

The King turnes to goe away.

Ara. Then the Gods send their aid or all is lost, yet Sir heare me speake, the jealousies you have on mee, I shall not be able to cleare, but will leave them to the triall of my innocence and your favour: Yet Sir, to shew you in this last accident how much I am guiltlesse, I will relate unto you how first I met the actour of it. Twas on that day I was imploid on an

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an honorable message from your Majesty, to the Stranger Prince, on the shore I found him having lately scapt a Shipwracke, and as great a danger on the Land, for he was assaulted by two Villaines that were in the same voyage with him, but the cause of their hate himsele he could not tell, he had no acquaintance with them but in the Ship, but as he had before the waves, so in this Tempest too (as I may call it) he bore himsele above and left them both as calme as death upon the shore, In the instant when he was yet hot in his anger and, their blood we came upon him—

Tim. Pray Sir, let me speake to you, there is a wonder discovered to me by his relation, and under this Monster he hath spoke of a greater doth ly hid, one that you would rather have in Chaines, then all the list of Traytors I have named, Sir, commit the uncasing him to me, and suffer me to free *A-ratus*, let it suffice I am an eye upon him, and the rest, and will suddenly by their distruction, destroy their Plot.

King. Take your way, I'll leave him to you.

*Exeunt King, Poliander,
Comastes, &c.*

Tim. My Lord, with the perswasion of your innocence, I have procured your freedome of my father, and doe desire in requitall of this kindnesse (if it be such) to let me see the face of this my enemy once more: if your acquaintance as appeares by your words, be not too late to know his abode, My Lord, I shall receive him otherwise then you expect, the relation you have made of him, and what my selfe was witness on, hath turn'd my hate into admiration, and if I can move his Love, as I have done his anger: I shall be happy in his vallour. 'Tis noe strange thing that the vallor of enemies have made them friends, and that wounder have beene the first seale of Love. I doe consider how much I injured him, and that on such occasion, he could not have don least, at first sight I cald him dog, and without more circumstance commanded for to kill him.

Ara. Now, Sir, I must kneele to you, you have the mercy of a Prince; he shall submit for his offence, or suffer for it, and if you find not that noble spirit in him, I have told you of in the most dangerous busines you shall implory him. Let him

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him be punish't for this his ill plac'd valour.

Time. My Lord, I'll take no other surety but your word, ever
ingage me thus.

Exit Timeus.

Ara. But my Lord, though I can answer, I cannot give
credit to your smooth tongue, this last accident had like to
have broke all, and had there not beene helpe above, there had
been none beneath. I must be no more so venterous, our *Con-*
spiracy begins to be discovered, and that we are suspected is the
least feare, we must not longer deferre our breaking out; there
is noe safety now but in a publique danger.

Exit.

Enter Tymens, Hianshe.

Timeus, I am come to tell you, the infection.

That caused this your retyrement, is now

Vanisht, and abroad you may safely blesse

Us with your beauties. It shames me to say this

I can pronounce, you may do something that

May command all.

I ever as a servant did approach

You, but now as an offender, as one

That is guilty of a sinne of so high

A nature as this your sadnesse is: Can

I doe lesse then condemne my selfe that would

Have kild the man that would have don it? yet

I hope this my action hath not made me

Apppeare, to throw of that honorable name

As servant to you, 'tis a title I am most

Ambitious of, and never did

Engage my selfe a more humble one

Then by my last command. Before I was

A votary to your beauty, now to

Your goodnesse, there is noe earthly thing I

So much reverence (if I may call that

Earthy that's so devine) I bend but at

Two places the Alter, and your virtues.

Enter Melissa.

Hi. My Lord, though your complement be such, as to esteeme
this my retirment for your sake so great a fauour. I must not so
account it, nor thinke I have laid so deepe ingagments on you, in
granting that I voluntary, & unask't performe: your respects may

H

claime

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claime greater services, and your last words had beene requi-
tall to a Stranger.

*Hianthe turnes to Melissa,
and Timeus goes aside.*

Mell. Ther's a Gentleman desires access unto your grace,
from Prince *Clearchus*, and my Lord *Aratus*.

Hian. Prethee goe stay him within, as soone as this troubles
o're, I will come to him. Sure 'tis to wame me of their break-
ing out.

The time of their great birth is now compleat.

The howers are finish't. O let it not yow

Which looke downe, which favourably looke downe

Upon this Isle, want your power which first

Did strengthen it, let the same hands that hid

Disclose it too, shame not at so glorious

An off-spring, when it is heavenly, and doth

Confesse the father, when none but gods dare

Call it their's, nor without blasphemy can

Owne it, you were kinde fathers at the first,

Shew your selfe still so, and breed the child you

Have gotten, where humane strength shall faile, there

Hold it up, and make that want the Strongest,

Yet when I looke this way it doth distract

My prayers, and makes me with a conquest

Without distruction of the enemy.

O 'tis pity that so much noblenesse

Should fall to earth, although noe love, I can

Afford him teares.

Enter the King, Comastes, Menetius, and attendants.

King. Why, well said *Timeus*, now I like thee, here thy eares
and services are bent the right way, would I could see thee once
looke pale in these, but thou art so worldly that thou ap-
pearst still as if thou wer't not in it. Can a yong man when he
may have leave to breath in such a Paradiſe as this, draw a
common ayre, an ayre of the people? Madam, I don't thinke
but you find him a rude servant, one that payes his courtship as
a busines, and not as a delight, that has one eye upon the dore to
be gone, when the other's fixt on you.

Hian. My Lord, I was never witness of any others courtship
and

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and therefore can compare it onely with what I can imagine:
and 'tis above my highest fantasy.

King. Why dost thou not answer? I am ashamed to see thee,
O my conscience at these yeares, I could out wooe thee my
selfe; I thinke we had best change busines, neyther will goe
forward else, i'le court for thee, and thou shalt rule for me:
thoult never get a wife without the helpe of a commission.

Tim. Though nothing is more iust then a Noble
Love, yet nothing ought to be more secret,
None are to be admitted to the rights
Of it, but the god, and the two partyes,
Sir, you are not acquainted with the lawes,
Of a deviner love, that may imagine
The progresse of it a tedious Pilgrimage,
And that they languish which doe live in hope
The meanes is more delightfull then the end,
Then is the bloome and spring of joy when it
Is Greene: as it growes riper, the blossome
Falls and turnes to profit, the perfection
Is the first decay of love, there is a
Marriage of the Soule, preceeds the other
In time, and excellence, and is perform'd
By a *Hymen* of a more extracted
Deity, whose Torch is purer then the
Element of Fire, these are lawes unknowne
To your unfashioned *Cupid*, who perhaps
May wound a brest among those ruder Soules,
Who thinke they ought to exchange heart for heart,
And love onely in requitall, but here
A noblenesse must tip the Shaft as well
As goodnes, or else it peirces but to pity.

King. Ha, ha, ha, saist thou so? thart kild in a Philosophy,
I thought thou hadst never dreamt of, I am loath to put it
out of thee with other thoughts: but I thinke this busines I
am to tell thee of will confirme thee more: and remove all
thy jealousies. The suspition thou hadst of a Treason was not
in vaine, since it hath broken out, but 'tis already cured, the
two chiefe of them are taken in their passage as they went
to raise commotions. And I have commanded that they be set

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so as they may have a full view of that earth they were so ambitious of, and then to Strangle them at that height.

Time. Were there but two, *Sr*, flatter not your selfe, had they beene thousands they had yet left more behinde, you account that a victory which they scorne to account a losse, and thinke you are safe when they are not indangered. Is *Aratus*, *Phronimus* or *Enrylochus* among them?

King. Noe, nor suspected by any but your selfe.

Enter Poliander.

How now, what's the matter?

Poli. *Sr*, yonder are two fellows wee have laid hold on, that call themselves messengers from *Aratus* to your Majesty. But they have behav'd themselves so trayterously that we have us'd them accordingly, and clapt bolts upon 'em, till they shall be further determin'd of, what their busines is, they will declare to none but to your selfe, and they have spoke those things which they are sure would bring them thither. They answerd when they were urged, they came to defie the *King*, and us, and if they are not mad, they are the most desperate villaines I ere heard speake.

Time. These were the evils I was a Prophet of, I saw them when they were yet disguis'd.

King. Where are they?

Poli. They are under guard here in the Court, ther's a messenger too from the Governour of the City, desires admittance to your Majesty, he sayes a broad are many signes of tumults.

Time. *Sr*, this is noe time to delay, if we beleeve not yet, the next newes will bee brought us home by the Traytors themselves, you may perceiue their Strength, and readiness in this, that they dare make such bold declarations and in the open day produce their black Plotts. If we haste not to o're-take them now; our greatest speed hereafter will not reach them.

King. Madam, we must intreat your pardon, that thus we have offended gainst your quiet, and made you the first witnesse of our Troubles, that ought to have knowne them last.

Hian. *Sr*, The trouble is too sad to be excused.

Exeunt Om.

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*Whiles he that should be eye, and eare,
Through sloth doth neither see nor heare,
Behold like Thunder comes a Sound,
Which doth at once amaze and wound:
That dart sure hits what clouds did hide,
And safely kills, canse undiscride.*

*Chor. Where dangers urge, he that is slow,
Takes from himselfe and addes to's foe.
They're come beyond a whisper now,
And boldly dare proclaime their vow,
When the prey's sure, to shew the snare,
Regets not Councell, but dispaire,
Like Lightning it awakes the sence,
Onely to see, and grow blinde thence.*

*Chor. 'Tis Love, not Faction, where the good
Conspire to spill usurping Blood.*

Actus Quartus : Scena I.

Enter Aratus and Pallantus, as in their Tent.

Ara. OUR message you say, is returnd againe upon us.

*Pall. O In a manner the same words, accompanied onely
with a few threats more.*

*Ara. Wee expected no other, yet it was fit to neglect no
part that belongs to the iustice of our cause, though it were but
meerely formall, we ought to claime the right wee had, before
we use the meanes to conquer it; the same circumstance is to
be observed aswell in the Court of warre, as in the Courts of
Law, no triall till the demand be past.*

*Pall. There is but one of the messengers returnd: the other
for his stout demanding of the Crowne lost his head, there his
fellow reports he delivered those words you put into him, with
such resolution, that hee appeared not to denounce, but bring
those evils on him. The Tyrant grew pale, and seemed to feele
them in his threatens, nor could hee thinke himselfe safe en-
compast with his friends and guard, till hee had silenc'd*

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that voyce that so could wound him through all their swords.

Ara. Alas poore man, yet hee fell nobly, his sword might have purchast him a higher name in warre, but not in honour. In our daies of triumph he shall not be forgotten, nor his glory though he perceiue it not, be deferred behind those that live.

Enter Clearchus to them.

Clea. Doe yee heare the newes my Lord?

Ara. No, my Lord, what is't?

Clea. All's lost.

Ara. Blesse us, my Lord, how?

Clea. Yet it may be but a rumor and scattered by the enemy, *Phrenimus* and *Eurilochus* in their convoy with the young King are taken. The Campe is ready to mutinie on the report.

Ara. There cannot be such an evil, it is a sinne to give credit to it. Pray, my Lord, relate some particulars of the report, was there any made mention of the kings age?

Clea. No, The rumour goes that two Lords were taken on the way by a Troope of horse of the aduerser party, the young King being in his disguise, and not yet knowne, past undiscovered as one of their followers.

Ara. O tis most likely.

Pall. Where are all our great words now? those Mighty sounds that made a trembling in the aire,
And caus'd no lesse a deafenesse with their fall,
Then if thunder, the voice of heaven were turn'd
Articulate, and spake the threats of Ioue
Unto the world? chang'd to as great a silence,
Such when a Tempest ceases is the calme
That followes, no noyse is heard, as if the
Wind with blasts were breathlesse growne, and the Seas
Sat downe, and after so much toyle requir'd ease.
Not able for to lift that from a Rocke,
Whose Keele strooke hell, and Mast the Clouds did knocke,
Why had we not bodies equall to our mindes?
That when we durst meet Perills, we might
Beare them too, and not with a fading trunk
Lose thoughts invincible: yet I will doe
Something, and where the gods have given a will
We ought not in their service to sit still.

Exit. Pallantus.

Clea.

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Clea. My Lord, raise your selfe, the newes may be false, and all the danger they are in may be by this your beleefe, give not your selfe cause to mourne hereafter, that all perishe on a mistake, if that this the worst of evils be befallen, it ought not to be the reason of your neglect, but greater care and vigilance.

Ara. My Lord, I thanke you, and will take your advice; Pardon me that I was stupified at the greatest amazement that could befall, and appeared dead when that the life of all my action was taken from mee; yet twas not a slumber I was lost in, but a confusion of various thoughts, not knowing which to choose, untill you pointed mee one out, wee will doe something presently, and not give them leave to put their black intents in practice. harke.

A mutinous noyse is heard.

Clea. The Souldiers are in a mutinie.

As they are going out, Demophilus enters to them, and delivers Aratus a letter.

Ara. Demophilus, what newes?

Aratus snatches the Letter greedily from him, and in reading shewes signes of joy.

Clea. What newes, my Lord?

Ara. Such as is not to be nam'd without a Sacrifice. O see, my Lord, though we have lost, we are not yet undone; theres a Relaps, but not a totall ruine of our fortunes; the King, *Phronimus*, and *Eurilochus* are all safe, and never were in danger, this night they will be here with their full power, the occasion of the mistake is now plaine.

Clea. Till this fell out wee had no sence of the happiness wee were in. Pray my Lord, what are they which are taken?

Ara. Two that stood strongly for our party, more besides their names here, and that they were vertuous I am not to instruct you, you may perceive they which have no such cause of joy as wee have, doe lament them much: wee shall have a time too to mourne their deaths, then, when wee have leave to laugh at theirs which slew them, in the meane time fare 'em well; such a leave, were I in their misfortune, I would have expected, they have onely out-strip us in the payment of a debt we all owe unto our Master, ours is due, though not yet cald

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call'd for. And how fares the young King?

Demo. As one the gods take care on, his words and looks have gain'd many unto his party, and put courage in all the rest.

Ara. And weele make use of it while it is yet hot, after this nights rest they shall give battle to the enemy, harke the Muteny increases let us away, least we loose all heere,

A greater noyse of Muteny is heard.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King, and Timeus.

Tim. Sr, though there are troubles in your affaires
Let none be in your countenance; your eyes
Should like those blest twinne fires upon the Ship
Display a vigorous flame. A light of joy,
And comfort round about, that they which toyle
In the rage and fury of this tempest
May from thence foresee a calme, and nourish
Hopes of safety. Thus you wrong your Kingdome
Destroying it your selte cause others would.
The people groane just as you groane, their Pulses
Have the same motion, and their hearts doe beate
Both hope or feare, according as yours doth
Eyther dilate or else contract it else.

All omen comes from you, your Passion is not
A single sadnesse, 'tis your Subjects too.

When you confesse a feare, who dares bebold?

They doe account it a disloyalty to have a
Thought that shall runne crosse to yours.

Your mirth were now discretion, and a face

Chearfull as at a Feast, were pollicy,

T would be one kind of succor.

King. Why *Timeus*, I thanke thee, but these joyes come
From above, are not to be taken

When we please, no man can resolve he will

Be happy, yet I will struggle with my

Thoughts, and endeavor to force that quiet

They have taken from me. But let not this thing

Discomfort you, 'tis but a course of humors

Perhapps a litle Physicke will remove it.

Time. Now Sir, you put a new life into me,

And

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And I dare say we shall be victorious,
Nay, we will, no power doth stand against us,
Now that is favourable which attends upon
Your person, to whose protection I will leave you;
And goe see how the Campe fares.
Shall I beare any of your commands thither?

King. On ly my love, the care of all things else doe thou
take upon thee, and to morrow, if this fit leave mee, before the
battle Ile visit you.

Exit. Timon.

How every thing is irkesome to me; clowdes
And darkenesse are before mine eyes, all things
Dissenting one from the other yet conspire
In this, that they present death to my view,
I have that idle comfort onely, that
He that dispaire of all, ought to feare nothing.
When things cannot grow worse, all fortune then
Is on his side that suffers. But my injustice
Strengthened with murder, doth forbid successe,
A Kingdome got by blood, is built upon
A slippery foundation. I have beene
Nourishd in peace thus long, that being growne
Specious and great, I may at last fall downe
A Sacrifice worth slaughter. Thoughts urge thoughts,
Suspition gets suspition, Danger, danger;
I have not that small settlednesse of minde,
As to thinke one thing twice: were I but innocent,
I would provoke misfortune, call for Fate
With as undanted courage as the Lord
And ruler of it doth—

*An uprore is heard at the doore, and Pallantus
enters and wounds the King, and the Guard fol-
low on him.*

King. Stay.

What a nothing tis that I have thus much feard
And labor'd to escape, when twas my good;
Childishly dreading every thought of cure,
Then most offended when my health was neere?
How well I am after this little wound?
Quiet of mind and peace of Conscience,

I

Those

Those blest companions doe possesse me now,
I see nothing but blood can appease blood
In sacrifice, that to the guilty theres
No ease like death, no mercy like the crosse.
Oh, oh.

*The King makes signes
of weaknesse, and the
guard make an offer to
kill Pallantus.*

Hold in your rage, have you not already
Acted mischiefs enough by my command;
But thus you seeke to pull more upon yee?
Ye are deceiv'd, though I have been hitherto
A Tyrant, now I am mercifull, and can
Command things that are just and innocent.

*The King shewes greater signes of weaknesse
and the guard make another offer.*

Guard. He faints the villaine must not live.

King. I command you hold, my power is yet good
You are the villaines, the first causes of
This my misery, and you should lay hands
Upon your selves; how ridiculous is this
Your rage? suppose I should give way to
Your desires, what were you the safer,
Or I the better? you would have one foe
The lesse, and I one sinne more than I am already
Loaden. Does not this iudgement affright you
Rather? I am not onely guilty, your
Hands were dipt in the same blood, and perform'd
Such things I often durst but wish: that you
Were commanded will not excuse you, your
Loyalty to me was but at best a
Broken faith unto another; and when
You observ'd it most, you were most periurd.
What can you expect? you see when that I
Was guarded by an host, needed not feare
What the power of earth, or men could doe
Unto me, one man (as I may say) one
Handfull of that earth broke through them all, and
With a single arme forc'd what a million

Could

Could not keepe, and when there was no meanes left,
Yet there was a miracle to conquer me.

The guard let fall their swords.

To you I turne now, no more my terror,
In returne of this favour you have found,
Shew the like to these, and others, that shall
Be guilty of that name, as friends to me,
Though you are nothing yet, this deed
Will make you powerfull, and you that have given them all
May demand so small a share: now you have been
So much my enemy change something
To a friend. How vainely I take care for
Lesse things neglecting my greatest charge.

O my *Timens*! my poore *Eudora*!

Here hee's troubled againe.

Leave me not yet, my soule, thou canst not mount
Untill the load be taken from thy wing,
Thou couldst inhabit here when it was Hell,
Now it is Paradiſe, — O stay — and dwell —

*Dies, the guard runne and
beare up his body.*

Pall. Though the fall be great it cannot shake me
When I know 'tis iust. The malefactors
Penitence, takes not, the iustice of his
Dooome away, though he be chang'd that remaines
Unstaind, he may die with pity, but not
With innocence. They mind me not. He endeavour
To escape while they are thus stupified with griefe,
I will not trust their obedience to a dead command.

Exit.

Cap. Leave your sad imbraces,
They'le bring no comfort to you, though you persisted in
them till you were such as thus you hold. Death, like a coy
mistris, makes no returne of love for all that is bestowed, you
may wast your selves but not your sorrowes here. This ground
will afford a perpetuall supply of moysture; which your eyes,
like two Sunnes, may draw up, and powre downe for ever.
Let's to the Prince, and to him
Offer up our lives and griefes together,
Thrones the onely medicine for the other.

1 *Guard.* The Traytor's scapt.

2 *Guard.* We were to soft to obey a dying speech.

Cap. His scape's as Strange as was his enterance
We had power to hinder neyther.

Exeunt. Om.

Enter Tymeus, and sees his father slaine.

Tymeus. Give me a power mighty as my rage,
That my revenge may reach unto the Clouds
And unthrone those gods that joynd hands with men
To comit so black a deede: it were but
Justice they should loose their diety that
So would throw it off. O my father! did
I unload thy shoulders of the Kindome
That thou might fall under a lesse waight,
And bereft thee of all thy jealousies, to
Ruine thee with more assurance onely?
Where are all those flattering tongues that when
There was noe neede would in a complement
Howerly suffer for thee? not one to dy
In thy defence, or by his fall to make
Thine more decent? how dismall is this place?
The graves where death inhabits are not so
Dreadfull. I'le fly thee though I runne amongst
The thickest of my foes, they can present
Noe dangers like this lonenesse. the cryes, the
Sword, the Trumpet in the battle strike not
So deepe amazement, what ho. *Citus*
Charisius, Erastus, Amantbes, Not one voyce?

He goes out in Search, and returnes againe.

I walke like *Aeneas* among the shades.
All is hell about me: I see nothing
But what my Fantasy frames in horrid shapes,
O the vaine feares of guilty men! all are
Unreasonable, but yours ridiculous,
When you have contemn'd the greatest powers
On earth, threatening with strength, and hatred,
You tremble at a ghost, a thing lesse then is
A man, and when the substance could not, the
Shaddow frights you. There is noe way but this
To set me above my feares, when I am

lesse

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Lesse I shall be equall to them—

Enter the Captaine of the guard, and two more.

Cap. O hold my Lord, offer not up your selfe
A sacrifice when there are so many
That gladly would releve you with their lives;
Let that thought prevaile with you, hat you ought
To live for them, that so willingly would
Dy for you, y^e are the prop of thousands, and
If you fall, you sinke a Kingdome with you.
Take the Sword by the other end, and so
Holding it, seeke to appease this Sacred
Ghost: such a will exceeds this performance
If you can't confirme the Crowne, yet confirme
Your memory by the losse of it. This
Object makes your greife a burden to your
Honour. Leane on me my Lord, Ple beare you
To the Campe.

Exeunt Om.

*Enter Poliander, Menetius, Comastes a Captaine,
and others as in their Tent.*

A shout is heard from among the enemies.

Poli. What shout is that among the enemies?

Cap. Tis the acclamation of the Campe, at the receaving of
their fellowes, this night they expected their other forces, and
it seemes they are now arrived.

Poli. I am glad on't, I hope we shall have command to
try the fortune of the Feild to morrow, would the whole knor
of them were there, that we might make quicke worke; and
like *Alexander*, unty it with a blow.

Com. I, and a wall round about 'em to keepe them to
the slaughter, that we may not be troubled to kill a thousand
in a thousand places: I don't like this persuing 'tis the greatest
evill next to the being persued, the wine neere tastis well
when 'tis so jumbled. Give me a Standing Campe that flourishes
like a peacefull City, and want's noe necessities, here stand your
Engins, there your beefe, on this hand a Palesado defends you,
on the other a Baracado of Porke-Tubs impregnable, before a
Ditche is cut of some two hundred paces, and the Souldiers
tipling in't, behind a Coope runns out of the same length, & the

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Poultry tipling in their Trenches, whose body are too dilicate and tender for bare travell, here a man may even among the Tents forget to be a Souldier.

All. Ha, ha, ha,

Pol. O, my conscience *Comastes* thou art weary o'th Campe allready.

Com. Yes, faith as your selves are, if you'd confesse the truth.

Poli. Why, me thinks there is noe pleasure to be compar'd with it, every man hath his delights here as if he tooke his leave on 'em: and if he chance to returne at night, like friends which parted in the morne two dangerous and hopelesse ways of ever seeing, they meet with a multiplyed and unexpected joy, these very wounds are pleasures, and *Elizium* comes faster on them then their deathes.

Com. When honor is the prize, and wrong'd Justice

The cause that thrusts them on, they throw of one

That they may get a better life, a life

Of fame, which is eternall even on earth,

That they enjoy'd before was fading

Sustayned onely by the infirmities

Of one weake body; now 'tis supported

By the memoryes of all, the charge of it

Is committed unto a world of men,

Nor ist extinguisht before the fame o'th

Whole universe, none are so surviving

As the Sonns of glorious Warre. *Jove* gave

Life to *Hercules*, and *Thesens*; but *Mars*

Eternity, they breath'd from one, but gain'd

Heaven by the other, these were the great thoughts

Which when I was yet young, and not able

To embrace them, did dwell in me: they did

Suggest unto my soule, that I ought to raise, my hand

Against the gods, if they slept.

At perjury and favour'd injustice.

Poli. Holloe. what aylst thou?

Mene. What meanst thou *Comastes*?

Com. To shew you how easy a thing it is, to talke like a Souldier, and be as brave a fellow as eyther of you.

All. Ha, ha, ha,

Mene.

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Mene. Thou wouldst make an excellent runne-away Souldier, such a speech on the high-way were greater violence than bidding stand a long staffe, would not get an almes so soone.

Poly. What wilt thou say now *Comastes* to a joviall round or two beyond the Court healths, those at the Kings owne Table?

Comast. I thinke I shall say more than you at this, as well as in the other.

Poly. Captaine prithee command 'um to bring some wine in, Come let us sit in the meane time, and take away these fearefull things from *Comastes*.

*hee bids them remove the
Armor off the Table.*

Com. And why from me, me I pray?

Poly. Why they'le fright thy mirth away, looke, it gapes upon thee, but won't bite.

Com. No more than your Lordships sword. Is this the terrible thing? I know not what it may doe in a darke night with a candle in't, but in the day, and your Lordship looking through it, I shall never turne my backe unlesse it be to laugh. Pray God the enemy thinke of no such stratagem with a pitcher in the Progenerall-ship, it may be as much as the Kings Army lies on.

Poly. Ha, ha.

Mene. Take this away too, is not this a Divells hand *Comastes*?

Coma. Yes, Theres a couple, pray remove 'em both, and his wit that is so devillish, that we may fall a little to our busines.

Enter with wine.

if we must, let's to it stoutly, and like Souldiers, what say yee? shall wee drinke a battle? the triall of to morrowes victory, Ile take the Kings part against you all. I am the strongest, and when I have overcome, Ile send him word of the good omen, tis worth a thousand of your paltry birds, and oxentralls, tis a piece of service will gaine the favour from you all.

Poly. Come, wee'l undertake you begin, that honour belongs to your side.

one brings Comastes a cup.

Com. Heres — how now, what's this? what does such a boy doe in the warre? disroole him, I scorne to bee Captaine of

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of such a youngster.

Poly. O whilst you live, begin with your light Armature, the Legionaries follow.

Com. Is that the trick on't? Here then for the King I throw the first reede, this boy can manage no greater weapon.

He drinckes, and they all pledge him.

Com. I marry, there stands a rank of lusty fellowes, a man may rely upon such valours, their very looks wil orecome common stomachs, I long to see them buckle to it, this is too much sport.

Poly. Reach them downe then.

They fill a great Goblet to Comastes.

Com. Give it me, and sound an assault? *Pallas* and victory for the King — why I, this was a tall fellow. I don't thinke but *Alexander* had alwaies a Guard of such attending on his Person; He have a doozen of them, and call them my twelve Labours.

He perceives Menetius hard set.

O for a shout, a little noise would gaine the conquest.

Mene. In good time, but not so easily.

Poly. You doe but dreame a victory yet.

Com. No? helpe me then old Souldier.

He drinckes, and shewes signes of fainting.

Men. Hold up *Comastes* for the greatnesse of your cause, hold up, you shew signes of fainting, how now?

Com. Hah, goe thy waies, nere a Goblet the King has ere got the honour to struggle so long with me.

Poly. I feare wee must lose in loyalty, youle nere orecome else.

Com. I warrant you, I retired but to an ambush. But who keepe the doore all this while? Say the enemies should come and cut all our throates. I can tell you I have read such pretty stories.

Poly. How now *Comastes*, what words are these? does Wine breed feares in you?

Com. A pox on this Warre twill bee my undoing, I shall come out with some such roguish question or other at the Kings Table and have my bones broken by the Guard.

Mene. The Wine workes not at all, *Comastes* you begin not fast enough.

Com.

Com. Fill another — So now bring me the Armour againe

Poli. What will you doe with it?

Com. Bring it againe I say, I'le put mirth into you all, pray let him helpe me that has nothing to doe.

One fetches it, and he armes himselfe with some of it.

Men. Here will you take this?

Com. Noe I shall have noe need of that.

Mene. O I had forgot, thy Face is allwayes arm'd enough.

Com. Well Sir, when I returne I'le pay you that.

As Comastes goes out, and they all sit in expectation what he will doe, one that was present at the Kings death enters.

Guard O the King's kild!

All. The King! *They all start up, and draw their Swords.*

Poli. Thou look'st distractedly, speake it againe.

Guard. Hee's slaine, my selfe was present at his fall.

Poli. By what accursed hand?

Guard. That divell that wounded the Prince, hath murderd him, he was before his terror, and was now his death.

Poli. O the heavy hand of Justice. Is the Prince safe?

Guard. Slaine too, if report be true, but by what hand I know not, he left the King just before his fall to come hither, and being that he is not heere, we have much cause to feare the worst.

Enter Six Souldiers.

I Sol. Feare not now, you have past the greatest danger, when we have made an end of these, theres none left to punish us, the King and Prince are kild, and those which remaine, we doe the busines for, and will reward us richly according to the service, and their great promises. We have no other way to gaine ought by this alteration, our pardons all that we can hope for, if we still, let us on presently least some others doe prevent us, follow me, I'le give the first blow.

They walke up to the Captaines, and when they looke upon 'em, it dashes their resolution.

Poli. How now? what gaze you at? know you where you are? does your feet leade you without the councell of your head? get you to your quarter or I'le stretch you up in't.

The Souldiers retire, and goe out.

These Villains dare doe any thing, Captaine follow 'em, and see 'em punish't. *Exit Captaine.*

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What

What shall we doe ? here we stand like so many trunks of men, headles, and livelesse, none to obey, nor able to command, there is noe way can present us safety, but this we are now in is the most unworthy danger : So beasts when they have beene fed unto the slaughter, submit unto it, let us not stand still, but resolve to turne our Swords upon our enemies, or bend them against our owne brestes ; eyther wayes a victory, and will bring us happines and glory.

Mene. I am for the last, it is the safest way, and in our griefes the noblest.

Enter the Captaine.

Cap. Sr, These fellowes came to kill us, one of the weakest on 'em, when he saw himselfe laid hold on for his other fault, suspecting he was discover'd out of mere guiltines confest, that unwillingly he was brought into the plot, by the perswasion of his fellowes, who in hope of preferment from the enemy had decreed on all our deaths, he sayes too that himselfe, and many more were attempted by some of the adverse party with promises, and threates to lay downe their Armes, and that the Campe is full of such commotors.

Poli. This then will confirme our former resolutions, come let us number up our selves, and if we are equall each man set his sword against his fellowes brest, and with a friendly wound (in spite of Fate or Fortune, being our selves Lords of a greater power) give happines to eyther. Then these wild Beasts will deplore the losse of that they so indeavour to throw away, and leape like head-lesse bodyes into flames, and ruine.

As they thinke to kill themselves. Timens, enters to them; they run, and kneele to him.

Poli. O my Lord, let us imbrace you with such a love, as dead, and revived friends would expresse to eyther, to us you were dead, and are alive againe. And have bestowed this life we now enjoy, we must not owe it to another Parent. So is the Judge a Father to the guilty, your sentence was past upon us, and the hand held up to put it into practise, when you, as if from heaven you had fallen, set all right that was in such confusion, what trifles will the greatest dangers appeare to us.

Tim. Rise, you have noe lesse quickened me, that was as
nigh

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nigh my end as you your selves were, but now I live, and againe can thinke of life and vengeance to our enemies, which presently wee le put in practice, and seeing that our spirits are redoubled, our losses shall no longer fright us.

Poli. Tis time Sir, you shew'd your selfe unto the Army, there you are dead still, and their faith on the beleefe little better, but your presence, will enliven it againe, and make them fight on hatred of their former fault, and shame of their present desperation.

Timon. Let us away.

Enter Cleander the young King, Aratus

Eurylochus, and others.

Ara. Never did Justice appeare so eminent, this was a deed, as if her owne hand had wrought it, who can complaine the want of providence, or say the guilty, and the innocent make one heape, when this is told. A Tyrant in the height of all his glory guarded with friends, and crewelty what eyther power or violence could make him safe with, by a mortall hand Strengthened with Justice, was snatch't from the midst of all, the lightning melts not the enclosed gold with halfe that wonder: leaving that's more combustible, nor doth the plague in a multitude of men make a choyce so curious.

King. Where is the great worker, of it?

Ara. Againe departed to performe greater things, If he possible, I did prophesie, though not the nature of them, that he could act us wonders, wee le strive to second his first blow, and now the gods and he have done, play our parts. I could almost give him divine honors, and say when he is in the Campe, there is no neede of any other power, Souldiers are but charge, and troubles only.

Euri. Tis time, that my troopes were gone, that wee may reach the place of ambush, ere the breake of day.

Ara. Tis true you shall presently away, *Phronimus* is already gone with his Forces to stop the passage betweene the enemy, and the City, we in front will stand against them, so that in the morning when they rise it shall appeare to them as if they were inhabited with foes, not being able to turne away they shall not looke their sight in our large number.

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Enter Clearchus to them.

Clea. Some of those which were sent to corrupt the enemies are return'd, and say their words were harkned to, beyond their expectation: and if a present assault were given, there were no doubt of victory, all is in such a tumult.

Ara. Such evils increase by delay, wee'l let 'em grow untill the morning, and then our fight will gaine the conquest; if it be possible wee'l order't so, that wee may rather shew 'um warre than bring it on them, though they are given into our hands wee ought not to shew our mercy, and not our power.

Exeunt omnes

*Enter Endora, Rodia, and Ladies, frighted
in by tumult.*

Ladies. Oh, O!

Rodia. Madam they breake in upon us.

Endo. O my father! when thou art flaine I cannot feare what after does befall me, the same that was their cruelty to thee, will to me be pity.

*Pallantus is heard without, spare no opposition,
breake the gates, adde fire unto your force.*

*A noyse is heard as if the gates were broken, and
Pallantus, a Captaine, and Souldiers, rush in
with their swords drawne, and seaze upon the
Ladies, they give a shreeke, and—*

Pall. Hold, I command you hold, hee that takes a life shall pay one backe againe. *The Souldiers free the Ladies.* My rage hath blindly led me on to violate a place, no lesse sacred then the Temples, and rudely, ere I lookd about, hath thrust me on the Deity. Like those which being led to see some glorious thing, eager, and longing, aske still as they passe, which is the sight, and how neere, untill they are ingag'd within its splendour, which opening suddenly upon them, makes them retire as fast againe with reverence.

Endo. What stayes thee monster, and makes thee pant thusore the prey? here I stand readie and doe invite thy fury, come and save my hand a labour, if thou art surfeited Ile whet thy thine appetite. Thou art a Murderer, a villaine, These name thee not, nor drawne in the same Table would expresse thee, such offenders the Magistrates can punish,
they

The Conspiracy:

They are but diseases of the State, thou the death, the Law comprehends them within her virge, thy giant faults doe so much oretop her, that iustice cannot reach thee. And if there were no gods thou then wert innocent, and wouldst stand safe because thou art so wicked. Thou hast killd thy King; O no, thou hadst no share in him, hee was a King of men, thou a beast, the bloodiest in the Forrest, yet he was they Sovereigne too, the heards were under him, and the wildest knew no other Lord.

Pall. My revenge how false thy beauty was?

Endo. How monstrous thou appearest, thou representst unto me all ill I ever heard of.

Pall. And thou all that ever I heard of good.

Endo. Thou movest like so many living mischiefes, had the Priests beheld thee; they might have divinde all these future evils so exactly in thy feature, that what they told would rather seeme a Story than a Prophecy, and saved us from thee. Nature was never guilty of such a Worke, some hellish power hath given the birth, and Spirit, and sent thee on earth to destroy all that's faire and holy.

Cap. Sir, raise your selfe, can you endure such words as these? Souldiers on, and make them feele those evils shee hath uttered.

Pall. Hold villaines, dare you make an offer to such a deed, and not in that thought expect a bolt upon your breasts? hee that heaves his hand shall know I have that thunder here. Thou worse than she hath named, unhallowed Traytor, canst thou command such Sacriledge? if that thy faults were told thee from above, thou'dst blaspheme the voyce that spoke to thee. If shalt dare to speake such things as these, Ile make thy soule passe faster than thy words, thinke not to wrong me with a seeming shew. Ile not take your bitterness, though gilded in the name of friendship, withdraw and shew your love this way.

Cap. Sir, will you stay? there may be treachery in the place.

Pall. Still you iniure me with your kindnesse.

Exeunt Captaine and Souldiers

Endo. What next intendst thou? what master-piece of

The Conspiracie.

wickednesse wilt thou glory in alone? know thou canst not force me, here within thy reach I am as safe as if an army all resolute to death divided us. This hand something weaker than a womans, can resist all thy strength, were in as great mischief as thy will.

Pall. Though I seeme all that you have named, and fouler yet, this is a sinne blacker than all; such as I dare not doe. O thinke me not worse than you have said alreadie, and then I may againe be happy. The beasts are noble, meeke to Chastity, and humbly licke the feet of Majesty. Judge me not by theew, our eyes deceive us, and as oft perswade us to the wrong, as doe the blinde mans feet, falsely doe prompt us. All that is white is in nocent, and all that's blacke is sinnefull, without exception. Should those which looke on you be led so by the scence, they must kneele downe before you, and adore you as some Deity, not being able to fantasie so much god, as they doe see in you; such formes their power have given you, that you may become a rivall in their worships.

Eudo. Why talkst thou thus? thy tongue hath no more Power than hath thy hands.

Pall. Neither intend violence, would you could entertaine of me one thought of goodnesse, as hopelesse as you thinke me, I doe undertake to make it good, and better't daily.

Eudo. Why delayest thou? what wouldst thou have?

Pall. Forgivenesse, I dare not say love.

Eudo. Love? thy thoughts are more mishapen than thy selfe, even in thy hopes th'art cruell. This base imagination hath wrong'd mee more than all thy actions, before thou onely soughtst my ruine, now the ruine of my name, that thou intendst a rape it was a glory to me, and though I had lost it, would have got me fame, the honour of a ravish't virgin. Didst thou woe mee with the greatest services, as thou comst in my fathers blood, I could reward thee, but could never yeeld thee love; I was too long a Princeesse, and lost the name too late to entertaine so low a thought.

Pall. The world of causes that part me and happinesse.

Eudo. Love is softe, and full of curtesie, a greater opposite to lust than hate; the flames thou feelst are more preposterous than those which burne the breasts of Satyrs, and of beasts, wch
kill

kill the young and in that blood injoy the Dammē. Thinkest thou that any is so bold in lust to embrace such feares thy love bring with it.

Pall. My youth and comelinesse whither are you fled?

Endo. My miseries have put a new nature in me, chang'd that calmenesse I had wont t' enjoy, into the looks and language of a fury: how ill doth rage become a virgins breast? I will suppress it, and if it must breake forth, dissolve it into teares. An age worne out in thought cannot present one comfort to mee, I am so wretched.

*Her griefe and anger make her
showe signes of fainting.*

Oh, my soule's more earthly than my body,
This warre that is within mee, will gaine a victory ore me.
I finde decayes already.

Pall. Accursed that I am, to be the Author of such misery, is there no way to restore that peace which you have lost? if there be any, dispaire not of it, though it be held in the iawes of death, Ile snatch it for you; though it were lost in the darkest masse of things, my love would distinguish't in a Chaos: if it have no being but what your thought gives life too, Ile wish it for you. So strong my fantasie is to serve you; let it be any thing to be done Ile doe't, can I, the wretched cause removed bring ease unto you, here on my knee I yeeld my life unto your taking, or if you had rather, Ile offer't up my selfe.

Endo. No, and yet there is a way, and thou maist doe it.

Pall. Is there a way? O my loyes, the gods are mercifull, name it, name it to me.

Endo. If thou'lt vow to doe it presently.

Pall. Need I an oath to confirme I would be happy? tis my owne happinesse I thus eagerly persue in yours, every sigh you give doth make me breathlesse, and every teare which you let fall doth bow mee nearer to the earth, than all the yeares and wounds that I have suffered; yet I will sweare by all things holy, all that I feare and reverence, to refuse no labours, deaths, to gaine your ease—

Endo. Then—

Pall. And restore ioy unto your life againe.

Endo. Now thou canst not, thy last words have rendred thee unable. The ease was death, which yet I beg from thee.

Pall.

Pall. From what a heaven of happines am I fallen ?

Eudo. Assist me all my Strength, the gods this way you have ordeyned I should come to you, pardon that Fate then which your selves did give me.

Eudora makes an offer to kill her selfe.

La. O my Lady.

Pall. Stay, O ; stay that hand, let that goodnesse in you which would spare things faire, and holy, preserve the fairest, and the holiest. The angells would be prowd to take such shape upon them when they visit earth, 'tis such as your selfe ought to looke with reverence on.

Eudo. Ther's a weapon hid within my heart, which none can take away : it wounds deeply. Now Death thou art a lover, and dost court me mildly.

She faints.

La. O my Lady, helpe, helpe, O my Lady.

Rodia. Give her more ayre.

Pall. Shees gone, my times noe longer, our lives were woven on the same web, the destinyes condemn'd me to see her death, and then to follow.

Hee wounds himselfe, and falls.

Rodia. Shee breathes, stand off.

Eudo. My Brother, O my Father.

Rodia. How do you Madam ?

Eudo. Too well, my Strength returnes too fast upon me.

Pall. Were my Soule fled, that voyce would call it backe againe, it selfe would returne : and choose this Paradice on earth, I'll not disturbe her with my longer stay.

He speakes to Rodia.

If that your Lady shall neede any thing, you may have it with a thought, a long peace shall not present it with more care, and speed : shee shall not find lesse tendernes, and honor then if her Father still ruld all.

The Guards at your command, and shall stay onely for your safety.

Exit Pallantus.

Rodia. Souldier, thart noble, may the gods reward thy goodnesse, Madam, you had best goe in.

They lead of their Lady.

Excunt omnes.

Enter

The Conspiracy.

*Enter Timeus, Polyander, Menetius Comastes,
and a Captaine.*

Tim. Fortune, glory, Victory, all are fled
Unto their severall habitations,
And have left Dishonor, Losses, Danger
In their Stead, not so much prayse to all our
Dead Story, as that we lost one man to
Save a Kingdome, not bleed a drop for the
Whole bodyes safety.

Poli. My Lord, let not the treachery of such Villaines
trouble you more then your thought of safety, shew your
hate unto their false-hood by seeking to revenge it, you
have yet hopes left, if timely you put your former Re-
solution into practise, when wee have gain'd the Forte,
there's meanes to escape the Isle, and seeke forraigne
aide, you have many friends that you may trust too.
This our obscure flight will make our returne more glo-
rious, which shall bee i'th face of the whole Kingdome,
nor will we choose another way, but what passes o're
Cities, Armies, and through a generall ruine to our
Revenge.

Exeunt Om.

*He who unjustly swaid the State
Lives noe where now, but in their Hate.
Ther's nothing left of him but shame,
Which both preserves, and Clouds his name.
When civell Beasts fall, Let it be
Cald slaughter, and not Victorie.*

Cho. *When that he dies, that liv'd, a shade
His sleepes continued then, not made.*

*Arise thou Starre of honor there
And in his stead shine round our Spheare
Grace thou the Throne, and let us see
Thy father once more Raigne in thee.
Weele now in naught but love conspire,
And noe breſt burne, but with true fire.*

Cho. *While that such manners rule the Throne
Live all by his, he by his owne.*

Actus Quintus : Scena I.

Enter Endora, Rodia, and Ladies,

Endo. This quiet we enjoy doth strike amazement in me, sure they have slaine the body with the head, which makes this generall calme.

Rod. Madam, tis more innocent, I had newes brought by one I sent to learne that did astonish me, that the people knew noe cause of grieffe or gladnesse, but rose to their affaires as in a time when neyther enemies, nor holidayes doe distract them from their labours. The Kings death was newes this morning in the City, such care the Victors tooke least, the many headed but unbrained multitude, should pull a slaughter on them.

Endo. Their piety is too late, nor will it satisfie the gods, when they have spilt so much blood, that they will spill noe more.

Rod. The Souldiers, though their charge was gone, kept their Guard Still, they of the party durst not disclose it for their owne safety. Some there were which whisperd it, but they seemed rather curious in the State, then those dull which knew it not.

Endo. Can a Kingdome fall, and the ruine not wake the people.

Rod. The messinger with this doubted what he had seene and heard; nor durst hee bee confirm'd least his question might seeme Treason, the first opening of it was by Proclamation, with such secrefye the plot was carried, that now it was a labour to discover it. After this *Aratus*, and the rest of the Conspirators went into the Market-place, where the people were comanded to attend by publique voyce, and there to the assembly when they had declared the Justice of their action, they produced the yong Prince, which in the last alteration of the State was lost. But by all supposed to have beene murdered, which that hee was the Kings Sonne

Sonne was confirmed by *Aratus* his conferring the Kingdome on him : himselfe being the next heire unto the Crowne, if the Kings Issue fail'd. The Story of the Princes life bred much Love , and Pity , and his lookes were able to have led them to a civill Warre, had he beene Counterfet.

Endo. This may be true , they who can beleve there is a providence, may easily give credit to this Justice , our sinnes were mightier then our sufferings , and had wee a greater debt then life, we ought to pay it , my Miseries are due to mee. I was a party , and enjoy'd my Fathers violence.

Rod. Madam you are as Innocent , as at that time your age was, and onely doe offend in your teares , and too much love, which on this occasion spent excessively, is not to greeve but to repine, the King was old, and taking his latest leave, and was hastned onely a litle sooner to shew the Justice of the gods ; 'tis true, my Lord *Timens* was yong, yet had noe patent for his life, but as all brothers, was an uncertaine joy.

Endo. How ill these words become thee, and me to heare, think'st thou my Fathers faults can bring a comfort to mee.

Rod. Madam, twould be noe glory to you that an unworthy greife should be your death, your enemies noe doubt are noble, sure they chose the crewellest to execute their businesse, and him though his churlish out-side promist not, we found more courteous, then they which doe professe it, his words were the lawes of Complement. One that simpathiz'd in all your sufferings, and though his manlinesse would not suffer him faint, he died together with you.

One knocks at the dore.

Endo. See who 'tis disturbes us.
Who is't ?

Rodia goes out, and retarnes.

Rod. Madam, I know not, nor did I ere see any like him, his beauties beyond all similitude, he speakes like the Souldier we were talking of, but him it cannot be , he was the terror, this the darling of mankind.

Endo. Whether wilt thou loose thy selfe in commendation ? in men beauties the least part.

Rodia. Madam, it appeares so in him, yet such features lay a necessity of noblenesse on the minde, hee humbly craves admittance, nor would hee take it before that it were granted.

Eudo. Call him in, wee must indure their pleasures, it will not become our state to deny commands, much lesse when they intreat.

*Rodia goes out, and returns
with Pallantus.*

Pall. The Kingdome owes a Sacrifice for your life, all will ioy to heare it, which had it faild, would have pulld more guilt upon us, than the finnes of a whole age.

Eudo. It is my fault you tell me of, and a great share of my grieve that thus I stay to grieve.

Pall. My offensive tongue can utter nothing pleasing to you, so great are your misfortunes, and your honor so tender to you, the wounds that I have given you are beyond my cure.

Eudo. Thou art not hee that gave 'um.

Pall. If my repentance can make me cleare, I am not, otherwise tis I that partially hearing my owne cause, beleev'd and iudg'd for it, that hastily without examining what I did, decreed on all your woe.

Eudo. Thart strangely altered, if thou beest hee.

Pall. Nothing so strangely as my hopes are, at first they did appeare in a divine and holy forme, beyond all that I can fantasie, such a mind though ravi'shd with the beauty, could not expresse then, and promist all should bee as heavenly as their shape, call'd mee the instrument of Iustice, the savor of my Countrey: set all the finnes before mee, I was to punish, told mee there was no heaven, but what their clowdes did veile; thus they crept into mee, and won mee with the most specious shewes unto their service, on my bare resolution gave mee part of that happinesse I was to ayme at. Then they clothed mee in a body, foule as the Tragedy I was to act, and made me dote on those deformities which all did loath, when they had bewitcht mee with these false, yet glittering names, and I obeyed their blacke commands, in a moment they changd into Repentance, a mournfull figure: and sadly left mee as they first did find me,

me, and as I now appeare to you.

Endo. Thou hadst no cause for all that thou hast done, the faults were generall, and concernd not thee, but thou wert ready for all ill, as well as goodnesse.

Pall. Yet I had a cause (Pardon me that I say) and being that I saw not you before I did it, a iust one. I lost a Sovereigne, as nere to me in blood, as love; and if this cause may seeme remote, I had a father murdered, whose death, as it becomes you thus to mourne, so it did mee for to revenge, my selfe was banisht. loyaltie was both our faults, and when they had heapt these sorrowes on me, left mee not one hope to leane on; they were not yet content with my despaire, but sought my life, which was so poore, it could not be distinguisht then from death; their injuries forced a new one in mee, and blew the sparke untill the flame consumde 'um. But had I beheld you before their danger, it would have turnd my soule within mee, changd mee from a Foe unto their partie. I cannot now beleeve I had a Justice, that there could bee any where you were iniurd in it, so much my love doth mount above my griefe, that it makes mee thinke I have onely lost your father. Why weepe you thus? Could that recall him, I'de beare you company, and breake those stubborn gates, which from my childe-hood to this present houre hath kept them backe, and spend my whole store here. But nothing can redeeme him, let that common remedy which all apply, and helpeth all, give ease unto you, that nothing can redeeme him. O learne a strength of me (that is the worst name for it) to beare a fathers losse. Let the innocence of mine excuse my violence to yours, wee are the wretchedst two alive, made so by our selves, and can be onely happy in our selves.

Endo. Oh, O.

Pall. Look on this, it may bring you comfort, with making out of love with the subiect of your griefe.

Shee delivers her that letter which hee found in the villaines pocket, to murder him, written by her brother. Shee starts in the reading.

Endo. Ha?

Pall. Falls not my deformities away?

Endo. *Pallantus*? art thou *Pallantus*?

Pall. This is the first time I darde to be so.

Endo. And to all this villany is sign'd *Tymens*, couldst thou be thus cruell, thus basely cruell? unworthy brother. This hath made a mercy of all that hath befallen thee, thou dost deserve to have thy punishments out-live thee, to have engraven on thy Tombe, Heere lies the treacherous, bloody, and to make thee monstrous, have thy age adde to it, The young *Tymens*, that was subtile in his youth, what remains for mee? that happinesse the most wretched doe enjoy, is taken from me, a worthy cause of griefe. Now I can neither live, nor die, without a staine.

Pall. Can you yet read a resemblance but of Iustice in my Actions.

Endo. I know not how to answer. The tongue must bee as wicked as the will that did commit 'em, that can defend such deeds, had equity pointed all your Actions out, given you Rules to work by, told you how much, how farre you must have gone, you could not have done more justly, there wants not any thing to crowne your iudgement but my death, the onely issue of that sinnefull race. I have a long time loathed my life, and now I loath my selfe too. I find I know not how, a guiltinesse within me, my fathers faults flow like his blood within mee.

Pall. You are not at all allide unto his vices. Profane not then your goodnesse, it is a sinne, though you your selfe commit it; that you was a Princessse was not your ambition but obedience, you are onely guilty in thinking of your selfe so, why then doe yue talke of death thus?

Endo. Can any life be noble after such losses?

Pall. My selfe, and the many which have suffered them doe thinke so, and are receiv'd of all with pity, and with honour, can you expect to find lesse humanity? you are not fallne so low, but the greatest Prince would be proud to do you service. Tis vainesnes to professe, all civility is your due.

Endo. You reward me good for bad, before that I was certaine of a cause, I slandered your vertues with those names foule deeds deserve, or a worse nature could invent, I falsely did apply to you that which was true in me.

Pall.

The Conspiracy.

Pall. You are a Iudge too cruell to your selfe, I did deserve them at the least from you, it was a noble passion, and owed unto your friends, had they beene worse, yet if you doe make amends, where there was no wrong, give me comfort to your selfe, and I shall receive a million: ample and satisfactory.

Endo. You have given me many, more than I did hope, or wish for, and removed those killing doubts within me. I shall remember you no more the cause, but mourner of my fathers death. O that name of father, how ever thou deservst, thou dost deserve those teares of me.

Pall. Shall not to a relapse againe, I dare not leave you thus.

Endo. You may, there is no danger in't, they were but teares, and are already wipt away.

Pall. All about you does minister to your griefe. The King would gladly comfort you, can you admit his visit?

Endo. I finde hereafter that I may, yet tis too soone, Pray excuse me.

Pall. May peace and quiet returne to their home, againe to this place.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King, Anatus, Phronimus,

Ennilochus, attendants.

People Jove, Neptune, Apollo, and the gods of Greece, preserve, and blesse the King.

King. Through the happines of my people, may I know no other ioy or sadnesse, but what passes you, till the middle way of blessings twixt the gods and me.

People The gods preserve your Majesty.

Ara. Sir, give us leave too, to ease our selves of that ioy that doth oppresse us, how hath these your virtues rewarded all our travell, made our deede honourable, and to our faith have joynd discretion, in shewing your selfe thus worthy of the place you are chose too, you have made it plaine, as none ought, so none but your selfe can rule: what praises will after-ages give us for this our loyalty? Had you beene brought in with fire, with blood, with desolation, as you, with wonder, are given a gift of peace in the height of warre, yet your endowments would have made all innocent, and like a yeare of good things made the bad forgotten. Sir I hope you doe not thinke I flatter.

King.

The Conspiracy.

King. My Lord, I doe not, you that have so many virtues for to live by, neede no dishonest Arts, nor by such waies seeke to endear me, when you have already so really ingaged me, that I am not able to give you a thanks, much lesse a returne that's equall, not to say if I could what I would do deserving you, and if you cannot in some kinde reward your selfe, tis not in my power to do it: These praises you have given me, doe tell, if not what I am, yet what I should be, they shall not make mee proud, but good, nor will I glory in them, but make them still my ayme. Ile first offer them to the gods, and humbly from their hands pray for them againe, and at the second gift account them mine.

Ara. These men wrought hard too for you.

King. My Lord, I know it, and could I thanke them in't, I'de stoope lower than the place from whence they raysed me.

Enter Clearchus, Hianthe, Haimantus, Melissa,

Ladies, to them.

Ara. See Sir, what ioyes approach you, your royall Sister.

King. This way let me expresse a brothers love Before I speake it— O my Sister, y'are My Throne, my Scepter, and my Crowne, or what Is more deare, and estimable with me, The Grace, the Maiesly that rises from them. Pardon, if my much love make me a rude Brother, and too credulously soone I Proudly call my selfe by that honourable Name, when so lately I had leave to doe't: Yet had it not been before declar'd Unto me, I could not so easily Consent to the beleefe; your face before Did ioy me, but then an Angell wore it, And appeard more heavenly in your borrowed Shape than in his owne. I cannot blame the Troubles of my former life, when I was Barr'd from such felicities as these.

Hian. The gods were not so favourable to me As in a Dreame, faintly and a farre off To shew the Blessings I was to hope, how Gladly J would have changd my greatest ioyes

For

The Conspiracy.

For such your troubles; This I may call my
Birth-day, I walk t, and breath'd, and spoke before.
But lived not till this hower. I had a being
Then, but not a life till now.

King. Tis so to both of us. And we will ever celebrate it,
as the first day that we were borne Brother and Sister, before
we were Strangers, now we are twinns of love. My Lord, I un-
derstand the holy League betwixt you, and though I lay my
hand thus on it, I Intend not for to breake it, nor make a di-
vorfe, though thus I part you: pardon me that I seeme covetous
of so great a happines; and shew a loathnes to part from it, be-
fore I have my selfe enjoyed it. She must sit some time my
Queene, before she be crown'd yours.

Clear. It were a cruelty to wish it other, I will not be
guilty of such desires, if after a brother, I an humble servant
shall be thought on, tis the time and place I am ambitious
off. I will withdraw Sir, and though there is noe happines, I
can enjoy so great, as beholding yours, I will deny my selfe
the veiwe.

King. O my Lord, say not so, though I am kinde I am not
fond, I'll give up my interest, or any thing rather then you shall
leave us; I spoke it as a meanes to stay you make it not then a
parting word: helpe me to perswade him.

Hian. My Lord.

Clear. Tis enough, I obey, my busines is much below my
love, and I will rather destroy the one, then offend the other, yet
now I have granted I'll intreat againe, as for a new favour. I
may perswade, though deny nothing. My voyage was bound
to another place, before happily I was cast upon this shore, and
though I call my selfe a Prince, I am a servant to my employ-
ments, and obey the Commission of a Father, the expence, and
expectation of a Kingdome,

King. My Lord, if your employments are so great, we would
not make you guilty of a dishonorable Stay.

Cle. If with your leaves I shall depart, as a man that is pull'd
from his delights, with a strong hand, being freed recoyles a-
gaine to them, so speedy shall be my returne, and in my absence
account al violence, that does detain me, by that time too, your
first troubles will be settled, & you more fit to receive an idleman.

M

King.

The Conspiracie.

King. Our passion ought to give way unto your reason.

Phro. Aratus you are in a maze.

Ara. Hah, I must confesse I am so. These Princes play their parts so rarely, that there is nothing left for us, but wonder.

King. My Lord, shall we intreat you to beare us company unto the Temple: thither we're a going, to give that perfection to our joyes which yet is wanting, and for unusuall benefits offer unusuall thanks.

Enter Pallantus, and kneeles, and kisses the Kings hand.

Pall. Sr, I humbly crave your pardon, that thus tardily after the people and your enemies, I present my service to you, and wish you happines.

King. I cannot be deceived, thou must be my *Pallantus*, ther's none can speake, or looke like thee, thy least resemblance is above all men, 'tis noe wonder to see thee Chang'd, thy deede has thus transform'd thee, it sits upon thy brow and Casts a glory round about thy face.

Ara. Me thinks the times had such a vizer on, and till this day shewd not a true face, *Sr*, you shall see him each day make new discoveries of virtues.

Pall. My Lord, you promise too highly for me.

Ara. Thou look'st sadly after all thy Honors.

King. So me thought, what can be the cause? A King they say is the best Physitian for a discontent. If I cannot bring you comfort, I sacrifice in your behalfe.

Pall. Sr, I bow to you. But that which is my greife will be noe longer mine alone, then while I doe conceale it, all that hears't will also have their share in it, 'tis a disease that good men catch meere by the fantasy. Justice could never yet with all her care so carue out her punishment, but that the Innocent were wounded with the blow, and felt the Judgement of another sinne, while with her Sword she cuts off the offending parent the child is made an Orphan in the Cradle, and mournes hereafter because he had noe fault.

King. Whether doth this sad beginning tend?

Pall. To this *Sr*, as we have slaine withall religion a bloody tyrant, one that was greater in his sinnes then in the Kingdom he purchast by them. So too we have causelesse slayne the father of a Lady, that knew not so much guilt as to satisfie her

her, why shee lost him : for want of whose life she now contemnes her owne, a Jewell of inestimable value with all that does behold it but her selfe, Sir, you cannot call her an enemy, though her goodnesse hath stood against you, and preserved her Father so many yeeres in spite of all his sinnes, she ought to resist all piety if it were an enemy to her owne.

Hian. Her cause of greife is mighty, and if care be not taken, as their faults have donne the rest, her goodnesse will destroy her, we that beheld the past deformities, can beare witnes of her virtues, she was the only mine of honour, and when we have beene wearyed in seeking one graine, in her we could finde a treasure, nor wast a beauty set of onely with the blemishes of others, or soild by generall vices, but a reall, and a native excellence, which as it could not be obscured with thickest darkenesse : so neyther could it be outshind by other lights.

King. Her greife concernes us all, and ought to be considered before our joyes, beare these teares to her, we wish the excessse of ours may lessen her's, and say that comfort which is left we will preserve, and carefully offer to her. Her brother with many of her friends are fled unto the Fort, and are there shut up — would I could give them life, what say you my Lord? may I doe this? Is not mercy in this place folly?

Ara. Sir, 'tis so at no time; you may doe this or any thing you have a minde too, even in your fantasie there is a secret councell, and seeing that all your actions, nay all your pleasures, are in some exercise of virtue, we will not crosse you, but make it our greater care to preserve you in them, and have a more diligent eye least your pity may prove crewell to your selfe

King. You have given me resolution, hast presently unto 'em (twas their desire this morning to have conference with one of note) and if you find 'em fit for mercy, or to be made fit, offer't to 'um.

Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Tymens, at one dore. Menetius, Poliander, Comastes,
a Captaine at the other*

Tim. Noe answer yet returned?

Mene. Not yet, Sir.

Tim. One Looke out againe.

M 2

*Exit Cap.
Poli.*

Polyander, I remember I heard thee once say, when I condemn'd thee for thy smiles, that if I had a cause thou wouldst frowne, why lookst thou sadly then? our fortunes ought rather to stirre our anger than our griefe.

Poly. Were they Sir, my misfortunes alone, and not yours, I would not now fall below my words, the greatest should not move any affection in me, unlesse it were some glory.

Enter Captaine.

Cap. There's now one arriv'd Sir, who certainly hath brought us newes.

Tim. Let us seate our selves before he enters, that he may see on what strength we doe demand, every man put on a face of mirth, now we are at a Banquet that will refresh us after all our toyle.

There stands a Table, and a cup of poyson on it, they all sit about.

Enter Pallantus, and a guard.

Pall. Now retire, but on the least call bee ready for to enter.

Tim. Who's this? doe any of you know him?

Pol. Men. Not I my Lord.

Tim. Sir, y'are welcome, but wee invite you onely to looke on, these cates are not easie of digestion; the gods give not life more certaine than this gives death, doe you thinke you can endure the sight? would *Aratus* himselfe were heere, that once hee might bee satisfied with a spectacle of blood. You looke pale on us already, sure they have a plot upon you, and sent you hither to see your death, had they none to send us to behold our resolutions but such a trifle.

Pall. What shape can I put on, and thou not iniure mee in't. I never yet appear'd to thee in any forme, but that I suffered by thee, at first I was thy feare, as all that were innocent did fright thee, because thou wert guilty I was banisht, not to remove me, but my death, which with treachery thou soughtst. And when I had, with wonder escapt thy intended mischiefes, by chance thou wouldst have slaine mee when thou hadst no cause of hatred, my disguise wrongd thee not, twas as much a stranger to thee, as an inhabitant

tant of remotest Africa —

Timens and the rest start from their places, and draw.

Timens. I know thee now, thou needs not further declare thy selfe, and th'art come past all my wishes to satiffie my revenge.

Pallantus knockes, and the guard enters, and they runne upon Timens and the rest.

Pall. Hold, I came to bring peace and not destruction, doe you yet perceiue how vaine is all your malice?

Tim. If thou art that man thou would seeme to bee, and equally with me dost honour a dead father, yet (setting by these helpers) let us singly try our hatred; the grant of this will please above all our demands, I had rather see thee dead, or by this meanes not see thee live, then againe be Master of the fortunes I have lost, I am unfit for life. I shall but curse the givers of it.

Pall. If I thought so, I'de grant to your request, and kill you; I could doe it, I have strength, and justice enough to make me able, but you are not so bad as you suppose, these are despairing, and not malicious thoughts; yet ere I goe one way or other I'll give you satisfaction, I came for that intent. Let me see your Articles —

Hee seemes to read them to himselfe, and speakes out the last.

And if these may not be granted, that thus accompanied, wee may depart the life. How poore are these requests? without more commission I dare grant you greater. Why, these are demands within the compasse of a subjects breast, deceive not your selves, you were not so safe in your owne raigne, as in your enemies. The State is not translated from one tyranny to another, but to a kingdome. A Prince governes now, which is the name of mercy, as well as power, w^{ch} he truly knowes, and in his first deeds desires to shew on you; he does not thinke he s then like Iove when he can thunder, but when he can hold it in, not when he is the voice of death, but when he sits harmelesse, with the power of death about him. Revenge, Torments, Executions, are not expressions of a king, but a destruction, he rivalls not the immortall powers in Temples, statues, adoration, but transcendent

virtues, divine performances, these are the additions by which he climbs heaven, and appears a god on earth.

Tim. Why should I bee a stranger to these virtues, more than this man? I was not borne for lesse things than he, certainly when nature made this frame, she intended it for the noblest actions.

Pall. Have you yet resolv'd on any thing?

Tim. If you will goe on, I can heare you still.

Pall. I will goe on in mercy, tis my commission, and if you will not dam against its streames, it may flow to you: yet the way is even; why looke you strangely at the word? tis no wonder to the sender of it, nor they which live about him. Though the dangers may seeme great, twere not worthy of the high name of his mercy, if the offence were not such. This is but the least of his expressions, that his enemies were courted for to live, but presently you thinke tis not to save you, but to deferre your death. A vaine thought, when can it be done more safely, and more justly, you are now as farre from those to help you, as to pity you. None but himselfe has any care of you. Tis true, there is a Lady that had a share in you, but with your honor you threw her off, nor can you claime an interest; when you have neglected her in all her miseries; not in your flight, your articles, no, not in your thoughts providing for her. And, had she not fallen into the hands of enemies that were servants too, to honour; you had throwne away a Jewell that had a first thought, even among the gods.

Tim. O Sir, you have underminde my pride, and remov'd me from that advantage ground I stood on, to my owne low height. These your last words comes neere unto me, and makes me with reverence beleeve all that you have spoken; before your virtues onely sturd my hate and envie, this deed first taught me to admire, and cannot doubt there is a want of any noblenesse, when you have shewne such passionate care in preserving a distressed Virgin, whom I durst not thinke of, least I should thinke too, of her dishonour.

Pall. Sir, keepe in your joy, wee doe not thinke our selves such high deservers, in doing that which barbarous people would have done, they which would have burnt the Temples, would have kneeld to her, and what duties they neglected to
the

The Conspiracy.

the Altar, would have paid at her feet. Thinke you wee could desire to save such enemies as you, and not adore an enemy of her virtues.

Tim. Give me not scorne and honour in the same breath, you have made me leave my selfe, hate me not now I am nothing.

Pall. Now I meete you: and first give me leave with this to throw away all danger that does threaten you.

He spills the poyson.

Next my request is (if you dare trust me) to leave this place, and presently goe with me whether I shall lead you.

All but Comastes follow Pallantus.

Com. I breath, am warme—all alive—The Sunne shines too, I have not heard of any of his rayes in the other world. Tis earth I tread on at least, if I am not mounted higher, and yet I hope I am not in heaven, for let them say what they will, tis to bee dead to be there; and I like not the society, though they be Angels; what doe I see? I begin to mis-doubt, I doe behold some such shapes here. Faces heavenly, and di—Divine, or else my fantastic abuses me, if I be alive and on the earth, then there was poyson in that cup. A poxe o my curiositie,

He takes it, and tastes a little of the bottome.

what need I have car'd whether I had beene, so long as I found my selfe well? I should have got fearefull honour if I had drunke my share. By this I see 'twas not a dreame, nor swound I was in, but all true story. I did not thinke before, it had beene in the power of all the Kings in the world to have given mee life, when I was yet living; but these thoughts shall passe. And now Ile looke before me presently, Ile to the new Court, and though the King be chang'd, not despaire to be the same man.
exit.

Enter Eudora.

Eudo. My father, my brother, why doe you flye mee? your wellcome, and lov'd shapes. O my sad fantasie!

Enter Rodia.

Rod. Madam, The King wishes you ioy and comfort.

Eudo. The King, what King? oh.

Rod. And desires to visit you.

Eudo. Returne all duty and service to the King.

Exit. Rodia

Enter

The Conspiracy.

Enter Pallantus.

Pall. Joy attend you Madam.

Endo. My Comforter.

Pall. Your unfortunate one, to see that litle he had wrought with much care so soone decay'd againe, yet I hope I shall this time be more happie in my cure, before I brought but Physicke for your greife, but now I bring you joy it selfe, it makes me bold and assures me of my wellcome, though thus without leave I enter. He needs noe ceremony that can say your brother lives.

Endo. My brother? O where? and how? alas it cannot be, why doe yee mocke my sadnes? thus such false hopes as these make more wretched.

Pall. I dare not play with holy things, nor would I desert your hopes, much lesse delud 'em; he came along with me, and stayd but till I had thus prepar'd his way: I know to have given him you, as you imagine, had beene twice onely to have taken him away, noe danger threatened him but his owne discontent. The King among his first cares provided for his safety: he shall himselfe confirme my words.

Enter Rodia.

Endo. Pray stay, I doe beleeeve and aske you pardon, but now I am certaine of him. I would not at first shew any signes of joy, I have thought a way to entertaine him, *Rodia*, fetch the paper that lyes within upon the Table, so: now Sr, you may admit him.

Rodia goes out, and brings the Letter written by Timeus, to kill Pallantus.

Pallantus goes out, and returnes with Timeus.

Tim. Here let me alone be happy, without a covetous wish of what I have lost. O *Eudora*! wonder not at my excessive passion, misery layes stronger bonds of love then nature, and they are more one whom the same misfortune joynd together, then whom the same wombe gave life.

Endo. But stay my brother, I knowledge that you say most true, and was noe lesse surpriz'd at first to heare of this your safety, for when I once beleev'd you dead that you were alive againe, was a greater good then I could give credit to. But when I consider the cause of my greefe and gladnesse: and
found

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found it was merely the name of brother, nay not so much the dishonor of our name onely, with teares I threw away, what with teares I fought for, looke on this unworthy man.

Shee gives him the Letter.

Heere you are discected, and see if I ought to mourne for any part being lost, or rejoyce for any that safe in the whole Anotomy.

Pall. O be not too severe, but suddenly give that joy you have prepared for him.

Eudo. Now I meet your love, pardon me my brother, I was to rejoyce at this your sadnesse, before I could share with you in another joy.

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King's hard by.

Pall. The King?

Eudo. Yes, he sent before that he would visite me, what will you doe?

Tim. Not see him willingly at this time.

Pall. Sir, you need not, he understands the nature of, your losses, and will not expect so suddenly to see you.

Eudo. Stay within till he be gone.

Exeunt Tim. Rodia, and Lady.

Pallantus. Madam, I'll meet the King, and meete upon him in.

Eudo. Did you say this was the King's mercy?

Pall. I did Madam.

Exit Pallantus.

Enter the King, Pallantus as in talke with him, Clearchus

Hianthe, Haimantus, Aratus, Phronimus,

Eurylochus, and Attendants

King. And does she know of it yet?

Pall. She lives onely by the favour.

As the King drawes neere, Eudora

offers to kneele.

King. Madam, fall not so low, we have already too much dejected you, and would our selves gladly submit in recompence, y^e are still in the esteeme of all, that which you have beene, not by the sinnes of others but by your owne

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Indowments

in dowments, admired Princess, and may a curse light, light on those, who shall dare to unthronc a Majesty which the gods themselves have seated; we are come confident in these your virtues, that you will not disdain when nobly we endeavour it, to have your griefe lessened by your enemies, Madam, though unpropper, yet we are willing comforters, and have as true a sence of what you suffer as those, who in a neerer name doe share their losses with you.

Eudo. Sr, admit me to kneele before you, I ought not to stand an equall height with Majesty, and vertue, so much above me, what undeserving name is due to me, when you are pleas'd to call your selfe an enemy, if you are one, it is to your selfe, in thus preferring your mercy before your safety, you have given my brother life, to bring your owne in danger, and removed my griefe, which hereafter may be the cause of it to your selfe. Sr, thinke me unworthy, but not a scorner, of these favours, were my sorrowes heaven. (Thus offerd) twere but religion to bow, and to receive 'em,

King. You make us all happy, and shew a virtue above your sex, in being able so much to love, and yet to loose a Father, if still you can resist this passion, and rejoyce with us, with you we will observe your dayes of mourning. We are now going to pay some Funerall duties to our dead predecessor, for your sake so we will ever call him. Spare these teares, and we will weepe them for you, mourne all as if we had lost a generall parent.

Eudo. Sir, there is much joy in them, which the softenesse of your words, and not my griefe causeth to flow from me.

Clear. Fatne, thou spok'st loudly of these Ladyes, and yet thy voyce was narrow in their Prayse.

Here they all present themselves to Eudora.

Enter Comastes.

Com. I have past hitherto, and perceive noe great alteration, I thought the subversion of a State would have made such a clatter among the houses, and ther's no such matter, it has not chang'd a suite of hangings heere, yonders our Princess too, I am among friends, now fortune direct me, which is the King — The least change that ever I saw, may then I perceive I may doe, even what I list.

Aratus spies him.

Ar.

Ara. My Lord *Comastes* ?

Com. Your servant my Lord, I hope you have forgot all those litle unkindnesses that past betwixt us, and will speake a noble word in my behalfe unto the yong King.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha, wouldst thou be foole againe.

Com. No my Lord, you know I was never call'd so in the last raigne.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha, why I tell thee the King's too serious, he never laughs nor smiles, but very seldome, and then 'tis still at something excellent, he hates a jeast, looke, twice he hath cast his eye upon thee, and yet keeps his countenance, dispaire of ever pleasing him, ther's noe mirth that thou canst make, worthy to be compared with this thy misery.

King. My Lord, who's that ?

Ara. One Sr, that was master of the dead King's miith, he never laught without his allowance. Twas in his power to have jeasted any head off in the whole Kingdome, but I thinke he was never guilty of any other sinne, but Luxury.

King. What does he expect ?

Ara. To hold the same place under you.

King. Sr, we understand you, and your desires, goe leave the Court upon your life, be not scene in't after this day, and looke hereafter warily to your actions, if you deserve a light judgement you shall feele the Heauyest

Ara. Stay my Lord, you have doom'd him as if you had beene witnesse of his follyes, and if there were not hopes, that he might redeeme hereafter what he has so ill spent, he does deserue a greater punishment ; I beseech you Sir, let me intreat for him, he is yet young, and if he have leave, may be virtuous, continue as you have begunne, to change the men, and not destroy 'em : he thrust himselfe with confidence on your mercy, let it not be said that was a Snare to any, besides you have made this place a Sanctuary to all those who can claime an interest in that excellent Lady.

King. My Lord, I would be ever taught thus by you, Sir, I recall what I have said, and wish to see those virtues we see in you.

Com. Ile not despaire to be Master of them :

Com. kneeles

'Twas the desire of favour with my King, that made me what I was before, and shame now for to remember. But seeing I am to please another way, and make virtue my endeavour, unwearied in those ragged waies, Ile toyle to gaine your smiles.

King. My Lord, do'e still intend to leave us so suddenly, as to morrow. If I durst presume so much of your ill entertainment, I would perswade you to a longer stay.

Clea. Sir, I have found a royall wellcome, such as cannot be betterd but by your owne wishes, which are the onely things above your actions. Yet ere I goe, I have a request to you, but 'tis such as I must not receive, unlesse another will bee content to aske it for me, you are the man, my Lord, and your company I desire, which if I can obtaine, I dare promise to my selfe a victorious enterprise.

Pall. Sir, you much honor me, and intreat mee to that I am most ambitious of, my will I freely offer, but the greater part is wholly devoted to your service Sir, and none besides ought to dispose of it.

King. I thus give it with the rest, by this request, My I ord, I perceive youle keepe your word, and suddenly returne, you would not else at once bereft us of your selfe, and so neere a servant.

Pall. How gladly I would thinke my selfe so much concerned, as to aske a leave of you, but I have ever made my selfe a stranger to you, or what's worse, a knowne enemy, and can expect onely ill wishes from you.

Endo. Sir, I thinke not so, you have deserv'd better from me, and if I give you not a leave, tis because I am loath to have you goe, twas you confirm'd my life, when I thought it not in the power of Art, or heaven to have done it, and that before I made not these large expressions, twas because they then became me, not, if I had owed lesse, I would have said more.

Pall. You have given mee a happiness, which neither envy, malice, nor the worst of fortune can take from me. I stand the onely man above the stroke of Fate, may I hope to see that joy dwell in your face againe, which I was never yet so blest as to behold?

Endo. You may.

Pall.

Pall. And will you leave off these mourning Habits?

Endo. I will: I will doe that that's noble.

King. I hope I understand you, and that I may yet expect a happineffe, equall to the happineffe of this day. Hitherto our Kingdome hath been like the Kingdome of the gods. Felicity upon felicity, joy crownd with joy; and though this day concluded what it hath begun. I have raignd a perfect raigne, having beheld in few howers the numerous changes of an age.

1. *Flam.* *Sacred Peans to Mars sing
Notes of Triumph, not of woe,
Hence your Ewe, and Cypresse fling,
Who adorne a Trophie so?
These are the spoiles of our great Enemie,
Hang Garlands on them of the Lawrell tree.*

2. *Flam.* *Hence impure and bloody voice,
Farre be from our Misteries,
Bidentalls are Joves proper choice,
Holier then the Sacrifice.
Each unskillfull hand, and rude,
At his Altar dares obtrude.*

3. *Flam.* *Touch not then with lips profane
What Heavens Fire hath purifide,
Whose teares have washd away his staine,
Whose blacke deeds in his blood are died.
Hee for his sinnes hath paid, with death and sorrow,
His Credits more that paies, than doth not borrow.*

Chorus. *Hee for his sinnes, &c.*

2. *Flam.* *None heare after of thy faults,
But that thou ought's
To die, remembred be,
The rest shall sleepe with thee.*

1. *Flam.* *Least our too partiall favour this way bent,
Excuse the ill, and blame the innocent.*

Chorus. *Least our too partiall favour, &c.*

Epilogue.

Great and good Powers,
That from your reared, and exalted Throne,
Have daign'd to visit your Creation,
And blesse what once you fashioned; we know
That what you please to breath on, and bid grow,
Shall once prove fruitfull, and its glory spread
To many branches, from one single bed;
Still teeming new, and Noble Families,
Great as the Stock from whence themselves did rise.
Tis true; but this is future, and farre lesse
Then this their present richer happinesse,
Which now they have enjoy'd, by your long paines,
And mercy shew'd unto these humble strains.
And since their service and their thanks doe please,
They'l count their joyfull issues such as these.

FINIS.

